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## THE MECHANISM OF SEXUAL DEVIATION

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

OF LONDON

We are familiar to-day with the methods and the results of that process of psychoanalysis which the genius of Freud first reduced to a definite technique. We must not forget, however, that both the method of psychoanalysis and its alleviating results have in a less clearly formulated and less deliberately conscious form long been abroad in the world. To recognize that fact is not to diminish, but rather to increase, the importance of psychoanalysis. As Freud and all who follow him rightly insist, the need for a careful attention to technique largely depends on the intensity of the resistance offered by the subject of psychoanalysis and the rigidity of the internal censorship which has to be overcome. When the subject is highly intelligent and fairly unprejudiced, not hysterical or otherwise definitely morbid, and able to feel confidence in the judgment and good opinion, if not actual sympathy, of the investigator, and, not least, is in possession of an adequate medium of self-expression, it may come about that, though the task still needs time and patience, the resistance is less even from the outset, and the censorship relaxed. It is not indeed abolished. In the present case I was careful to play as passive a part as possible, and to avoid the risks of suggestion; but it was sometimes necessary to throw out a question, which was always put in a casual way as regarding some quite innocent and harmless subject. It might then happen that the subject, without the slightest embarrassment or violence, quietly put the question aside as though it were of no concern to her, that I refrained from any comment, and that subsequently she spontaneously showed that the subject thus put aside was of vital bear-

ing on the case. Such a method of investigation naturally takes time. In the present case the period covered was three years, during which numerous interviews took place, and over sixty written communications, some of considerable length, reached me. While not unwilling to make oral communications the subject was much more accomplished and instructive with a pen.<sup>1</sup> It is on the material thus accumulated that the present paper is based. It is not brought forward as a demonstration of technique and still less as a criticism of technique. The method adopted was the best available under the circumstances,—and, as it turned out, adequate,—for as the subject lived in a distant city continuously frequent visits were out of the question, even if I had been prepared to propose a strictly Freudian technique, to which, moreover, it is improbable that the subject would have easily lent herself.

Some years ago a lady who had chanced to read some of my books wrote to me over her own name enclosing a lengthy narrative by a married lady who assumed the name of "Florrie" and described her obsessions with the subject of whipping and her impulses to auto-flagellation. The narrative was sent as likely to be of psychological interest to me, but Florrie described her distress and her anxiety to be cured, although not aware that I was a doctor. There was no indication that the lady sending the narrative was herself identical with Florrie, and I refrained when replying from making the identification, which was soon spontaneously made,

<sup>1</sup> I may remark here on the fairly familiar fact that a woman usually finds it more difficult to describe her intimate sexual feelings than a man. This is usually attributed to modesty and reserve, an inadequate explanation since a woman is, to say the least, as ready as a man to reveal objective sexual facts not involving the description of her intimate feelings. Certainly there is the shame felt in expressing anything which, it is thought, may be regarded as shameful, as any sexual feeling in a woman is by some regarded. But beyond this there is the real difficulty of the absence of a medium of expression for feelings which have never been put into words before, so that they can only be brought out under pressure, slowly and piecemeal, and even in the end remain bald and vague. When, however, a woman possesses an adequate medium of expression the result may be quite different. It is significant that all the women, and they are fairly numerous, from whom I have received really precise and instructive records of intimate emotional experiences have, without exception, had some training in literature or journalism, though they may have lived in various environments and different parts of the world. They have by no means lacked modesty and reserve, but they possessed an adequate medium of expression, and, when at last the need arose, they could translate their intimate experiences into it, with results at the least as interesting and instructive as any man's record.



though my correspondent continued to retain the fiction of Florrie in case any letter should go astray. In my reply I asked for further information, explained that the case was not quite so unique and terrible as Florrie believed, and offered advice as to various ways by which some relief from the conditions described might be obtained. Florrie expressed much gratitude for my advice and for my attitude towards her state, assuring me of her anxiety to follow the counsels I had given. Before long she proposed to come and see me, and in a few weeks—not without experiencing shyness and hesitation in approaching the first person to whom she had confided her intimate experiences—she duly appeared.

Florrie appeared as a robust and rather stout woman, her matronly appearance being to some extent belied by a somewhat girlish, slightly timid expression which, however, still remained compatible with a complete and quiet self-possession. She is 5 ft. 6 ins. in height without shoes, 178 pounds in weight (clothed); and, in circumference of the body at the crest of the hip bone 40½ ins., 45 inches at the level of the nates and 25 ins. round the upper, 18 ins. round the lower, part of thigh. The breasts are of moderate development. The hair and eyes are of medium pigmentation, the complexion good, the teeth excellent. Menstruation is normal though slightly painful and she has to avoid undue exertion at this time. Her age then was 37; she had been married for some years to a man about twice her own age; before her marriage she had been an accomplished artist, and also a writer of articles on art and other topics; she wrote well and her articles were published in high-class magazines. She had studied art abroad and travelled considerably, but she had never entered Bohemian circles. Born in a well-to-do family, she had been brought up strictly and conventionally, and had always lived a quiet and protected life in the domestic circle of her relations and a few friends, mostly of intellectual tastes, who had never regarded her as in any way peculiar or abnormal; apart indeed from her secret obsessions, she appeared to be, then and always, the "practical commonsense sort of person" she termed herself, so that she was all the more worried by aberrations which seemed to her a kind of madness. She had not confided her obsessions to anyone, with a partial exception which will be duly recorded, not even to her husband.

Florrie is the child of healthy parents, and on both sides the health of the family generally is good, though among her uncles and aunts there had been one or two cases of insanity. At least one

member of the family was a man of high intellectual distinction. There was probably a slight strain of anomaly in Florrie's father, but Florrie had not been conscious of this. She herself had always been healthy and robust, full of physical and mental energy, though latterly she had complained of a tendency to lassitude, irritability, headache, and, as she imagined, some heart-weakness, these slight symptoms being, however, mainly due to absorption in her imaginations and the worry thereby caused. Since being haunted by this craving she had become lazy, and during the past year fatter, and felt that she had declined mentally, morally, and physically.

Florrie was brought up as a child among her brothers. She was not inquisitive about sex matters and cannot remember that the children ever discussed their physical differences; nor did they ever play any games involving personal display. While a healthy child, and never subject to any but trivial illnesses, she was shy and always strictly taught to refrain even from romping because that might display her underclothing; for this reason she was not allowed to disport herself on the see-saw since the boys next door might see too much. She thus gleaned that there was a certain mystery and secrecy to be observed; she regarded it as quite proper, since certain natural functions were always attended to in private. When about six years old she was once left alone in a wing of the house where some workmen were being employed. One of them, a lad of sixteen or seventeen, came up to her as she sat on the floor quite alone, and tried to raise her petticoats, asking to look up them. She repulsed him, as a "rude boy," with much childish indignation. When, baffled by the closed drawers, he tried force, she screamed and he desisted. She was too ashamed ever to tell anyone.

As a child she was from time to time whipped by her father for childish naughtiness. She loved and respected her father and accepted the punishment, painful as it was, as being in the order of things, though she would have resisted it from anyone else, especially a woman, even her mother. She now realizes that this punishment was unnecessarily severe, and that as she was not a troublesome or rebellious child, milder methods would have been easily effectual. An ignorant and foolish governess who favored her brothers and disliked Florrie was the cause of the mischief. When the little girl failed to please her, she would become furiously angry, shake her violently, and finally drag the child, now violently resisting and screaming, up to her father's room. Her appearance condemned her, and her father, without asking any questions, would

assume a fierce expression, thus still further frightening the timid and already terrified child, take down a small lady's riding-whip,—possibly imagining that being small it was less painful, though really, Florrie remarked, the most effectively painful weapon that could be selected,—and order the child to go to his dressing room, the room from which noise was least likely to be heard. Having locked the door, he would stand over her, raising her clothes, gripping her by the back, and making her bend forward until her drawers were stretched tight. Then he would apply the whip, the more vigorously the more the child screamed and begged for mercy, and threatening in angry tones to whip her till the blood came, though the pain was so acute that she could not help screaming. Then he would send her back sobbing to the governess, who always greeted her with the remark: "If you don't stop sobbing at once, I shall take you upstairs again." But much as she dreaded a repetition of the performance, she sometimes could not stop sobbing for an hour. There may seem to be a rather abnormal cruelty in the father's attitude, though it must be remembered that he cherished all the old-fashioned notions concerning the treatment of children, and it is likely that he regarded himself as merely carrying on a proper and necessary tradition. Florrie bore him no ill-will, and when afterwards he would kiss her and hope she would be good she felt truly thankful. "I can remember now," she writes, "the curious feeling of shame and shyness when I met him afterwards, turning away and wanting to hide my red face because I was so ashamed of having been whipped, then a thrill of delight when he took me in his arms." But the governess she never forgave, and when ten years later she chanced to meet her, she avoided even shaking hands. These whippings finally ceased when Florrie was sent to school.

I have narrated these incidents in their details (though with fewer details than Florrie herself), all of them significant, because we here come upon the main clue to the chief manifestation of the sexual impulse which has so far taken place in Florrie's life. Intense, vivid, and enduring as these childish experiences were, however, it is only in the course of the present investigation that Florrie came spontaneously to see that there was any connection between her early experiences and the later experiences which were yet in substance identical, or that there could be any association between whipping and the sexual impulse. Such failure to see an obvious connection may seem surprising, but in mental analysis one is used to such failures. "I cannot describe my feelings of shame, morti-

fication, and above all, the wish for concealment, they were so intense," she wrote. "Nothing would have induced me to mention the subject to my girl friends, and my brothers were good enough not to allude to it. I feel ashamed of it to this day, and even now could not tell any ordinary person. I could not know then why I felt it so shameful and degrading, and even now I cannot always analyze truthfully, but I am inclined to think the almost abnormal shame was due to the fact that the punishment was inflicted on the buttocks, with me a sexual center. I should not have felt so utterly ashamed of a box on the ear, or being whipped on the hands. It was a sort of sex shyness and shame."

In addition to this poignantly emotional group of infantile experiences, destined to become the unconscious germ of a later psychic flagellational impulse, we have to record another group of at first sight unrelated experiences—less intense but more chronic and more the subject of childish intellectual speculation—centering in the function of urination. It should be stated at the outset that Florrie never suffered from true nocturnal enuresis. She remembers sometimes as a child dreaming that she was urinating, and on rare occasions she actually wetted the bed, but this may happen occasionally to quite normal children. Her earliest impressions in connection with urination probably lie too far back to be recalled nor were they made permanent, like those of whipping, by pain and terror. When about five or six, however, she distinctly remembers being taken for a country walk by her nurse, and before they approached the destination, a friend's house, her drawers were unbuttoned and she was held over the grass. Nothing came, and the nurse fastened her up again, repeating the performance ten minutes later with the same result, whereupon the nurse began to scold. The third time she was very cross and smacked the child's bare bottom until Florrie yelled; still sobbing and protesting, she was held out again, and a considerable stream flowed on to the grass. She still recalls kicking and struggling, and crying out "I can't! I won't! I shan't" as well as her surprise and mortification at hearing the rushing sound that announced that, nevertheless, she was doing what she was refusing to do. The nurse was triumphant at her conquest over the child's obstinacy, and subsequently adopted the same method when she considered it necessary. Of recent days Florrie has perceived here an early blending of the ideas of urination and whipping. There were others. She notes that the very sight of the whip used to produce, from fear probably, a desire to

urinate. Once, after being whipped, she returned sobbing to the schoolroom and a sudden stream flowed on to the floor, which she was too agitated to heed, though it evoked threats of another whipping from the governess.

As often happens in childhood the function of urination occupied much of the place in Florrie's mind which at a later age is normally occupied by the functions of sex, of which she had no knowledge and never heard. She was not tortured by curiosity about the opposite sex because from infancy she had been accustomed to see her little brothers urinate and so there had been no mystery. At an early age, about seven, she was given a bedroom of her own, and was discouraged from going into the boys' room. But she vaguely remembers that they played a sort of urinary game, putting their hands in the liquid without disgust. (There was not, then or later, any special interest in the act of defecation, though when she had reached the age of thirteen and was trying to puzzle out how babies are born, she thought it must resemble the act of defecation.) Such games, she felt, ought to be kept a close secret. If any attempt had been made, however, to play with what she regarded as the urinary parts she would have revolted, but no such attempt was ever made. No childish friends made any sexual advances, and being brought up very strictly, and surrounded by nurses and governesses, there was, in any case, little opportunity. In spite of punishments, much care was lavished on her, and she had expensive toys and frocks from France, though she would much have preferred to play freely with her brothers. In the winter the family lived in a town, in the summer in the country. It was chiefly during the summer that Florrie's interest in urination was cultivated, especially out-of-doors. The ordinary use of a vessel gave her no extraordinary pleasure; it was too closely associated with the routine of the nursery. When the act touched the forbidden its pleasure was always heightened. She enjoyed the sight of her brothers doing it out of doors and envied them the superior advantage of a specially constructed organ for that purpose. "My earliest ideas of the superiority of the male," she adds, "were connected with urination. I felt aggrieved with Nature because I lacked so useful and ornamental an organ. No teapot without a spout felt so forlorn. It required no one to instil into me the theory of male predominance and superiority. Constant proof was before me." Still, in the country the act was always natural and delightful, and she found special methods of adding to its enjoyment. The choice of quaint



and unexpected places added a good deal. Nothing could come up to the entrancing sound as the stream descended on crackling leaves in the depth of a wood and she watched its absorption. Most of all she was fascinated by the idea of doing it into water. "When I was in my bath I remember distinctly wondering if it would be possible under water or whether the water all round would prevent this performance. I finally indulged in the experiment, and bubbles (if I remember rightly) came to the surface. I was delighted. I also thought it would be pleasurable to do on to the water, and to hear it going in. I went so far as to try the experiment with a little girl cousin when the nurse was out one evening. I artfully impressed upon the child the necessity of doing it. She replied she didn't want to. I tried to coax her by offers of sweets and toys, but in vain. Children are so suspicious and fortify themselves against the unexpected. In this case the child was accustomed to the ministrations of the nurse and could not understand my officiousness. I was only a child myself (about eight) but I distinctly remember my vexation. I had always been fond of her and she wouldn't please me. Yet she was too young to be shy; it must be a kind of inherited feeling. (One sees the same trait in young girls, and always most in the ignorant; also in the suspiciousness of country people when asked to pose for a moment for an out-door sketch, while children run away. The unusual startles them.) To return to my tiresome cousin, I became so annoyed that I told her she *must* do it, and began to unbutton her drawers. The only effect was a fearful howl which I feared might be heard. But my mind was made up. In spite of struggles and kicks and attempted bites, I led her to the bath. Then a fresh outburst when she found that she had to do it in an unusual way. I had intended to hold her over the bath, but she struggled so violently that I finally contented myself with making her sit on the edge, and in this position she did (intentionally or not) a good stream to my delight. I watched it with gratification tingling the water below, and was sorry when it ceased. Then I lifted down the tiresome child who continued to sulk and of course told the nurse, whereupon I was chidden for letting her do it in the bath. All this is stamped on my memory. It must be uninteresting to an outsider, but it was a distinct episode of my childhood."

Florrie's youthful investigations of urination, both in others and herself, were hampered by the peculiarities of childish knickers. She remarks that it may seem a trivial thing to mention, but that she is sure it was significant. Those unfortunate garments con-



stantly interfered with her experiments. Except when dressing or undressing there was no freedom, and even then it was usually checked. There was, however, one way in which she managed to defy everyone, for, as she now looks back on it, she regards it as intentional. She distinctly recalls wanting very much to urinate when out for a long country walk, but refusing to say so. This could go on for a long time, until, being unable to hold out any longer, she would let it come without any preliminaries of unbuttoning and squatting. "I can distinctly remember the strange and delicious sensation of this forbidden delight, and also my puzzled feeling that it came standing. It came in such a torrent that it filled my drawers like air in a balloon and remained there a little time before it could soak through to betray me, though the fact that I had to stop walking helped to give me away, and I was hauled home. Sometimes, however, I escaped unobserved, and nothing happened except that I was left sore with the wetness."

Florrie again and again spontaneously recurs to what she now regards as the great significance of the child's drawers not only as bearing on her own later psychic evolution, but as influencing the ideas and conventions of women generally. "It was not only a source of annoyance to me that I had to unfasten my drawers and then squat down for fear of wetting them in front, but the flap at the back which must be removed to uncover the posterior parts during the act, accounts for my early impression that in girls this function is connected with those parts. It seems a trifling thing to notice, but in the world of clothes our ideas, when we are quite young, are colored by those unphysiological facts. The first distinction in sex that impressed me—the one great difference in sex—was that boys urinated standing and that girls had to sit down. I regarded that as a fundamental distinction of great importance, and never doubted its necessity. To this day I know of grown-up women who simply exclaim in horror at the notion of standing up: 'But I couldn't! It can't be done! How unnatural!'<sup>2</sup> Last year I saw in the city of P. a novel 'urinette' for ladies, a quite new, up-to-date smart arrangement, without a seat; one had to stride across a boat-shaped earthenware grating. Ladies went in, and came out again with horrified faces. They simply *couldn't* they said! There

<sup>2</sup> It may be mentioned that there is nothing "natural" in the feminine custom of squatting to urinate, and among some peoples, while the men squat, it is the custom for the women to stand, as it was (according to Herodotus) in ancient Egypt and (according to Giraldus Cambrensis) in Ireland.

is thus a deep-rooted impression among women who have never made any close observation that the urinary organs are differently placed in women, and that this is a chief sex difference. I am sure I harbored the idea for a long time. It seems to have been another source of my juvenile notion of the connection between urination and whipping. This could never happen to a boy, who is brought up to know a clear distinction. But in my case both these experiences were associated with the unbuttoning of my knickers at the back. The fact that my earliest feelings of shyness were more associated with the back than the front may have thus originated. These things seem trivial but are significant."

It has been necessary to present these childish experiences in some detail, for we herewith see constituted the infantile germs which in their psychic development were to play so large a part in later periods of Florrie's intimate psychic life. There yet remains for consideration the soil in which these two germs grew and gathered strength, the soil without which they would probably have perished. This soil was furnished by day-dreaming.

As a child Florrie was much attached to day-dreaming, but she cannot definitely recall any day-dreams that belong to an earlier age than eight or nine. They never led up to masturbation, or to touching herself, or to any other physical procedure, and were never accompanied by any conscious physical excitement; this was not due, then or later, to any deliberate restraint from masturbation; she had never heard of it, and she never experienced any spontaneous impulse prompting her to attempt it. The whole process was entirely mental, and though she thinks there must have been accompanying physical sensations, these have left no abiding memory. Day-dreaming has, however, throughout, been an important sedative influence in her life (even allaying, she states, any tendency to worry or perturbation) and she is assured that, notwithstanding all it has led up to, it has yet greatly contributed to her physical and mental well-being. At one rather early period, indeed, she feared it might be a sign of insanity, for it seemed to her so odd to experience this impulse to imagine without a purpose. She now plainly discerns that, unknown to herself, there was a purpose, that day-dreaming has a sex origin and is an automatic psychic attempt at sexual relief. As is usually the case, she regards day-dreams as belonging to an extremely private and secret sphere, not easily to be divulged, and then only to a sympathetic hearer, for it is, as she expresses it, "rending the veil from the holy of holies."

The earliest day-dreams are only vaguely recalled. Throughout they always centered in whipping or in urination; it is not clear which came first, and at an early date they tended to be united. When whipping predominated she was the passive subject, in day-dreams of urination the active subject. (In the actual dreams of urination in childhood she was the actor, a normal condition.) An early type of day-dream, and the favorite form, dealt with naughty conduct for which she was whipped in very tight drawers; in this day-dream the feeling of tightness and pressure was more prominent and important than the idea of whipping, and this feeling was in front rather than behind; she now considers, no doubt correctly, that it was associated with a full bladder. (In this connection she refers to the sexual attraction for some persons of the idea and the reality of tight-lacing.) She notes also that in her day-dreams she took delight in the very sense of humiliation which was so painful in real life. In the day-dreams the unsympathetic bystander became shadowy and unreal, it was her own shame that became most important. She had no day-dream in these early days of anyone wanting to give her pleasure, but only to cause her pain and shame. As she now rightly realizes, this delight in shame was an early form of sexual pleasure.

She enjoyed books in which whippings were described. But at the age of thirteen, when menstruation began, her power of imagination increased, the day-dreams grew more vivid, and can be recalled in detail. At this age a favorite day-dream, with numerous variations, was connected with the idea of a school where girls were treated very strictly. "None of the opposite sex figured in these dreams," she writes, "nor did I then suspect their undoubtedly sexual origin. My particular horror of others knowing that I had been punished led me to imagine the whipping, with which the day-dream always began, as taking place before the whole school. I was either leaning on a desk or bent forward in the middle of the room. Sometimes the whipping took place in tight drawers which pressed on the bladder or sex parts. Sometimes the drawers were unbuttoned and I was exposed to view with great chagrin and shame. I read in a book that at some girls' boarding-schools in the olden time, it was the custom to undress the victim and put on her a chemise reaching only to the waist; thus attired and mounted on a servant's back she was whipped before the whole school. This was a new idea for my day-dream and included much extra shame. In addition to the whipping it was announced that I was to urinate

before the whole school. I think the idea originated in the fact that I was sensitive and ashamed about that function, and also that I had done it actually sometimes after being whipped. So I went through the whole episode, taking a shuddering delight in having my clothes stripped off and the punishment chemise put on. I experienced agonies of shame as I was led thus exposed into the schoolroom. I was hoisted on the back of a strong country girl who wore a dress very much open at the back and neck, so that I remember realizing the sensation of sitting on her shoulders with a leg on each side of her neck, and my parts pressing against her soft neck and back. While I indulged in this day-dream I lay in bed with my face downwards and this may have induced the sensation of a nice warm neck. After I had pictured to myself a dozen strokes of the birch, and my wriggling condition of pain, curiously mingled with gratification, I would imagine that I was slipping down and that someone came and pushed me up from behind, the hand under my bare behind giving me a most pleasurable feeling. Then I would lean forward against the warm neck and imagine that I was relieving myself there and then, unbidden, taking delight in the trickling of the warm stream against the bare flesh. Other forms of the day-dream included having to urinate against my will, an idea that gives one a curious sense of gratification." She never connected these day-dreams with sex; men and boys never at this time entered into them, only very stern members of her own sex, sometimes, however, half-fabulous creatures, bad fairies, who were punishing her and seemed to control her existence. It was not till about the age of fifteen that men entered the day-dreams, always in a very paternal and authoritative way, evidently, though this seems not to have occurred to her, in the image of her father. But at about this age the day-dreams seem to have begun for a time to recede into the background.

The presence of the school imagery in these day-dreams was doubtless due to a change in her own circumstances. At the age of thirteen she had gone to a boarding school. This age was indeed an important epoch in her life. It was the year in which menstruation began, although this eruption of the physical sexual life seems to have made little conscious impression. (It may be noted that she was informed by a girl friend that the menstrual flow comes from the urinary passage, a belief, adds Florrie, which her informant, now a married woman with children, still holds.) It was also the year of her first religious experience, and there was a

second phase of religious enthusiasm at the age of sixteen, a phenomenon which may be regarded as quite normal; in Starbuck's curve of the age of conversion in girls the chief periods of climax are precisely at the ages of thirteen and sixteen. In Florrie's case, however, religious interests and experience scarcely attained to the acuteness of conversion, although she desired and sought that consummation. "I remember kneeling and trying hard to get the feeling that the moment had come," she writes. "I was told it would come all at once, and I should suddenly feel it. But I never experienced that kind of religious orgasm, and I felt that something must be lacking in me since others realized their fondest hopes. I spent a lot of time in thinking about spiritual things, of the mystical union with Christ, and as I look back I think this religious day-dream took the place of sexual day-dreaming." She adds: "I think the love of religion is truly of a sexual character because it is usually marked by a great reticence, the sort of secrecy one has about sexual day-dreams; a kind of shyness, even shame, makes one unwilling to refer to one's most intimate experiences. Anyhow that was how I felt." Although the religious day-dreams proved no permanent substitute for those of the earlier type they gave a serious blow to the latter, which between the ages of thirteen and sixteen seem to have died out. This must be regarded as normal.

Although Florrie's early day-dreams vanished and although menstruation was normally established, there was no manifestation of sexual emotions or of sexual interests. There was nothing in her life to stimulate such emotions or interests. No one talked to her on such subjects. She was completely ignorant, and no one made love to her. When a little later she had sentimental attachments they had no physical side. At school everything was "high-class" and "ladylike"; the education was of an old-fashioned and paltry character, but the girls were watched like convicts. They never discussed sex subjects. Florrie remained completely ignorant and not very inquisitive. At a later school the girls would flirt in a harmless way with boys and write notes, but Florrie took no interest in this. Up to the age of thirteen she believed that a gipsy brought babies; then she was told that women bore them, and she believed that it was in their bosoms. The suckling of babies interested her and when she first saw it at the age of nine it caused strange sensations ("sort of thrills"). It seemed to her very indecent and made her feel shy. She thought it was just like urinating in public. Again, at the age of sixteen, she experienced the same sensation,



though she has never had any homosexual feelings; on this occasion when a mother was retiring from the room to suckle her baby, one of the company begged her to remain: "Why not here? Why should we object? It is Nature." Florrie remembers reflecting over this argument, and wondering what the company would think if she raised her skirts and did a stream on the floor, calling it "Nature." It is interesting to observe here the significant fact that urination occupied in Florrie's mind the place of the typically natural function. It may be noted that her strong feeling of shyness in relation to the act of urination still continued. She disliked accomplishing it in the presence of another girl and was sometimes unable to do so. This shyness remains to the present day. She dreads sleeping with any other woman because she would hate urinating before her. This shyness, as she now realizes, indicates that the sexual feelings are involved. It is further indicated by the fact that she feels differently to men. "The shyness would disappear to a certain extent," she writes, "before a sympathetic member of the opposite sex. A kind of shame, really strongly felt, would still remain, but this would add to the pleasurable feeling; for it is in the breaking down of reserve that one gets a sex feeling. To pass the barrier before anyone to whom I am indifferent is a great trial. It may seem absurd for a woman to be more shy about this before another woman than before a man; but such is the fact, and I now think that this alone proves the sex factor in urination. It becomes, as it were, a kind of sex act." In this matter, also, Florrie expresses a feeling which is quite commonly felt by completely normal women.

We have seen that the establishment of puberty brought no development of the specific sexual sensations, and that neither were the experiences of religious emotion deep or permanent. Art, and intellectual interests related to art, constituted the channel along which Florrie's energies chiefly ran during adolescence and later. She displayed a real taste, if not aptitude, for painting, and she worked hard. She attained a considerable degree of accomplishment and used to exhibit. As she began to travel abroad with her family to Italy and elsewhere she devoted much time to the intelligent study of pictures and sculpture. She enjoyed going on sketching tours. At the same time, she was beginning to take an interest in social questions, and at the age of sixteen had already become an enthusiastic adherent of women's suffrage. With the development of these absorbing new interests and activities, her day-dreams, alike on flagellistic or vesical themes, faded into the background.



At the time, however, when the period of adolescence came to an end, when Florrie was just about twenty-one, an incident occurred which re-awakened her interest in urination on a new side. It may seem a trivial incident, but in Florrie's memory it stands out as "a feat of great audacity," and it has so much significance in her psycho-sexual development that it may be well to narrate it exactly in her own words: "We were living in the residential part of a large English town and I was paying calls. At the last house I had stayed half an hour and as I then experienced a great need I determined on quitting the drawing room and being shown out to ask the maid if I might retire. This was all settled nicely in my mind, but it never came off. When I rose to go, my hostess expressed a wish that I should see her conservatory, and we all went into the garden accompanied by the son of the house. It followed naturally that I had to make my exit from the garden directly into the road. By this time further delay had made matters worse. I felt that I could not wait any longer. There were no shops near, only houses, and I could not find any sheltered spot. I at once realized how utterly impossible it would be to squat down, so I determined to make the attempt standing, though I felt very nervous and doubtful as to my probable success. There was no rain to help matters, and the pavement was white and dry. I was afraid to stand in the gutter for fear of attracting attention, but I stood on the extreme edge of the curb and looked down the road as though I was expecting somebody. No one was in sight, and I determined to be as quick as possible, but to my mortification it wouldn't come. I suppose I had put off too long. At last, after waiting what seemed to me a tremendous time (although probably only a few seconds!), I felt it beginning to come. For fear of detection I had refrained from standing with my legs a little apart, and the result was that a great deal went into my drawers and soaked them straight off. Afterwards, the stream penetrated, and came with terrific force on the pavement, and terrible were my feelings when I saw it meandering from under my skirt and running down the pavement instead of into the gutter. To help matters I placed one foot in the road and was covered with confusion when I saw three persons approaching. I remember shutting my eyes, as though if I did not see them they would not see me! I was rooted to the spot, I felt detection was certain if I moved, and I was sure as they passed that they must have heard the sound, and seen the stream. As soon as they had gone I moved on and came to another turning.

Here I found a house for sale, and as the gate was open into the garden it immediately occurred to me that I had by no means finished, and I hid near a bush, whilst apparently engaged in surveying the house. I was now on grass and felt fairly secure. I was standing up, and for the first time realized that it was a nice sensation, and a delight to do it like this. Several persons passed, but that rather added to the charm, since I was secure. A first experience is not forgotten. After that, and finding that it was quite possible to achieve this feat without much difficulty, I had other experiences."

Before discussing the psycho-sexual significance of the long series of incidents of which this was the first—so vividly remembered and narrated after more than fifteen years—it may be necessary to point out that it was not really the first occasion on which Florrie had urinated either in the standing position or in the street. This comes out in another communication in which Florrie is specially describing the feelings of modesty and shame associated with this function.

"I remember, even as a child (five or six) that it gave me a kind of shock when I did it standing. It seemed so horribly audacious and bold. This idea was confused in my childish mind with the other idea,—that I was doing something wrong,—which was the case, since I did it right off without waiting for usual preliminaries, thus wetting myself. But there was always also a feeling at the back of my mind that it was wrong in itself, just as crawling on all fours was wrong, although the delight of children. Children confuse the conventional with the right, just as grown-up persons often do. As I grew older I could not overcome this idea. I remember at the age of fifteen having occasion to do it standing one night in the dark out of doors. I simply couldn't wait any longer, but not seeing anyone about I thought I might venture. I dared not squat down, and felt sure it could not be done standing; I had faint recollections of my childish exploits in that direction, but thought vaguely that children were different. (No one had ever told me of women doing it this way, nor had I ever seen it done.) I wondered how the experiment would act, or if it would act at all! I remember standing in the gutter and waiting, hoping no one would pass, I was afraid they would guess my purpose, especially as I was obliged to stand with my legs somewhat apart for fear of splashing my clothes. I thought it would never come, and when it did I shall never forget my abashed feelings. I would have stopped it if

I could, but when it once began it would not cease. In my alarmed state of imagination it seemed to make an appalling noise which I felt sure could not fail to attract attention if anyone passed. Not only was I fearfully afraid that the rustling sound would attract attention, but from under my clothes there emerged a stream which ran rapidly along the gutter, betraying me! I splashed my stockings in my haste, and tore away just in time as I saw a man coming along, feeling very red and abashed, and wishing that I had found some dark corner where I could have squatted successfully. In trying to analyze my sensations I think the most prominent lay in the shame that came from standing, and the consequently greater distance the stream had to descend. It seemed to make the affair important and conspicuous, even though clothing hid it. In the ordinary attitude there is a kind of privacy. As a small child, too, the stream had not far to go; but at the age of fifteen I was tall and it seemed to give one a glow of shame to think of this stream falling unchecked such a distance. (I am sure that the ladies who fled in horror from the urinette thought it most indecent for a woman to stride across an earthenware boat on the ground, a leg on each side, and standing there to pull up her clothes and do a stream which descended unabashed all that way.)

"Of course as children all that one knows of that mysterious thing called sex shame, is attached to these functions. After one has grown up this early association of shame still remains inextricably mixed up with real sex feeling and, in my belief, is, more truly, an inseparable part of 'sex feeling.'"

It will be seen that while these early experiences illuminate the later psychic development they represent a different stage of feeling. They correspond to the feelings—in some part natural, in still larger part conventional—which most inexperienced normal women experience when they are suddenly compelled to adopt a device of this kind; it gives little or no pleasure, beyond that of the relief to an urgent need, and is put out of mind as quickly as possible with some feeling of shame. But at the age of twenty-one Florrie's adult personality had become constituted, and in her special psycho-sexual constitution this experience took on a special character. The emotions of modesty and shame and reserve, very strongly rooted in Florrie, and her firmly implanted traditions of conventionality and right, excited to the extreme by this audacious act, were transformed into a climax of pleasure and triumph, with a resulting satisfaction far transcending the gratification of a vesical need.

The act of urination under such circumstances becomes a simulacrum of the sexual act. It is a kind of vicariously auto-erotic manifestation. At the same time it was to some degree an untransformed urolagnia. That is to say that there was, accompanying the act, definitely a consciousness of pleasure which she now regards as sexual, adding on one occasion, when spontaneously pointing out the sexual character of the pleasure, the significant remark that "the feeling, however vague, of a sympathetic spectator would cause delight and heighten the sensation." But there was at this stage no conscious sexual emotion. The act of urination was, in the main, a symbol of the sexual act.<sup>3</sup>

In connection with this urolagnic character of Florrie's experiences, reference was made to the excitation of the sexual emotions of modesty and shame which was associated with them. As will have been seen, she experiences these emotions strongly and in a high degree in connection with the act of urination. There is, therefore, in these public episodes all the gratification of a risky adventure with the possibility of "delicious shame" (an expression of Ouida's) should the effort to avoid detection fail. "The nervousness is awful," Florrie writes, "especially when others are in sight and there is the awful dread that they may see or hear. On such occasions, too, the stream always seems of double force." "It is such a strong *personal* feeling that one has over it; someone may have heard or seen, and an awful feeling of shame overtakes one. For some women this is literally the last act they would do in public or before an unsympathetic person. If this feeling of shame were lacking," she significantly adds, "the erotic feeling that is connected with the act would be deadened." An episode from Florrie's experience may be quoted in illustration:

"The most awkward case I remember was on the summit of a mountain. The ascent was made with a party of others, and I could not escape. I tried several times to turn a corner to contemplate a view in solitary enjoyment, but it never came off. Someone always followed. Finally, on the summit, I could hold back no longer, and as all were contemplating the snow-clad range opposite, across the valley, I started, in fear and trembling, a terrific stream. There were two men quite close, and I was not only afraid they

<sup>3</sup> I have elsewhere pointed out (*Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, Vol. III, 2d ed., pp. 59 *et seq.*) that urination may be regarded as a nervous explosion comparable to the process of sexual detumescence and may to some extent act vicariously for the sexual orgasm.

would hear it, but from under my skirts in front and running down the steep path a stream made its way to my horror, for I had thought the earth would absorb it. In desperation I kept pointing out things to see, hoping to engage their attention otherwise, but it was an awful moment, and even now I can hardly believe that the incident escaped observation. I managed to stop before the bladder was really empty, but it was awful when I quitted the spot—the dry rough ground only relieved by this artificial stream! I only breathed freely when well down the path and out of sight of it.

"In towns I generally take refuge on a doorstep or in a doorway where no one is likely to enter. I did this once on an early closing day when the shops were shut, and thought how lucky I was since no one would enter or come out. Although the shop I chose was closed the blinds were up and the goods displayed. So I looked in, but my attention was in reality absorbed in an entirely different manner. It was some time before I could persuade myself to begin, and then I started cautiously, but even so I was alarmed when I saw the stream flowing rapidly down the passage, over the step and on to the pavement. Rain was coming down, but it did not even seem to mingle with the rain on the pavement as I had hoped, but to my probably distorted vision seemed a distinct and obvious stream, a thing apart from all else, which could not fail to betray me, while the sound it made as it descended on the passage of the pavement seemed loud and distinct. Suddenly someone pushed past me and said something. I could not catch the words, but made quite sure that they had an allusion to myself, and I felt I was detected. But no! it was merely an apology for passing to look at something beyond, and before I could decide what to do the intruder had come and gone, and I verily believe that I remained undetected, though when I came to move it was obvious what had happened. In the country there is less risk and more pleasure on the whole; but a certain amount of audacious joy comes to one in a city, born of the feeling that there are others near; they may know nothing about it, but one has a sort of daring pleasure in wondering and thinking: 'If they only knew what I am doing, how astonished they would be!' But the feeling, however vague, of a sympathetic spectator would cause delight and heighten the sensations." The psychic state thus described might be termed a kind of disguised exhibitionism.

There is a feature of the act of urination, frequently found in the case of women (though rarely in men), which further increases



its resemblance to the act of sexual detumescence, and that is its tendency to be uncontrollable when once started. Florrie was well aware of this tendency, though not conscious of any parallelism herein with the sexual orgasm, and attaches great importance to it in heightening the pleasure of her vesical adventures. "I remember," she writes, "standing in a country lane, ostensibly searching for blackberries, and being caught by a passer-by. There was no escape; I was in full swing. I shall never forget my sensations. The stream seemed to be drawn from me without my consent, and *yet with even more pleasure than if I were doing it freely.* [The italics are Florrie's.] This curious feeling—that it is being drawn away by some unseen power which is determined that one shall do it—is an entirely feminine pleasure and a subtle charm. Real control seems gone; one feels it *must* come even though the whole world were present. One would stop if one could—a sudden footstep, a shadow falls, 'Oh, *do* stop!' one says to oneself, 'there's someone coming!' But no, it is not to be. The inexorable force wills otherwise, the stream continues to flow unabashed, and the gentle compulsion is pleasing. It is a curious and fascinating experience which assumes a magnitude that is intensified every second. There are moments when this becomes a positive delight, although one may be overcome with shame that one allowed oneself to begin. It was an effort to start. All the audacity and shame were concentrated in that vital moment (sometimes difficult from sheer nervousness)—that pause as though Nature hesitated before taking the irrevocable step, and then that feeling, 'Oh, it's coming!' and the breathless start. After that nothing seems to matter. One is no longer responsible and can give oneself up to pure enjoyment. One doesn't want to stop really and one revels in the idea that one cannot, though sometimes shame and fear are so mingled that pure delight cannot exist. But even then there is a fierce charm in the torrent that binds one to its will by a mighty force."

The episodes of this urolagnic type just narrated have not been dated because they have occurred frequently after the first experience, without greatly varying in character, and Florrie soon acquired skill in conducting them ("though I cannot say," she remarks, "that even with open drawers I always managed successfully to escape quite dry"). But the act never became a compulsion nor the thought of it an obsession. It may be suspected that it has sometimes been carried out when not absolutely necessary, for Florrie is not ordinarily affected by any tendency either to polyuria



or to vesical irritability, conditions that are both apt to be associated with urolagnia. But if that is so Florrie was not aware of it; she simply regarded these incidents as due to a physical need, occurring in a public place, and when satisfied producing mingled feelings of shame and pleasure. It is only lately that she has realized that the pleasure is of a sexual character.

At the age of twenty-one when these experiences began, Florrie had reached full physical and mental development and was enjoying excellent health. She was already above the average in size and weight (weighing at this time 140 pounds), robust and active. She was working at her painting and at the same time her mind was opening out in various directions, and she was becoming eagerly interested in social and literary questions.

She still had no conscious sexual preoccupations, and was completely innocent of sexual knowledge and sexual experiences. At the age of twenty-two she was for a short time slightly troubled by what she thinks may have been ovarian neuralgia. A friend, who was anxious to help on a young doctor, induced her to go to him to be "examined." She had not the slightest idea what this meant, but lay on a sofa and felt something hurting her. She was horrified to learn afterwards from her friend that the doctor had inserted his finger and she wondered how this could be possible without a preliminary incision. The friend assured her that it was good to be examined as "it made it easier when one married." This cryptic saying filled Florrie with wonder, but she was too shy to ask what it meant. She was told she had slight congestion of the womb. It quickly disappeared and she has never had any other sexual trouble of a physical character.

About this time, when staying with friends, there was a man of about thirty-five, also visiting at the same house, who showed a liking for her. He used to take her on his knee and kiss her. This gave her no more pleasure than if done by a woman and aroused no sexual feeling. But during the same visit a notable incident occurred. A little girl of six, who was very fond of Florrie, proved troublesome, and her mother resolved to birch her. Florrie, to her own surprise, made no protest or attempt to save the child. "She was, I could see," Florrie remarks, "profoundly affected at being punished before me, and remembering my own childhood I ought to have saved her. Instead of that, I felt positive enjoyment when she was hoisted on to the table, her clothes turned over her head, and the birch well applied. She kicked and screamed, but I

felt rooted to the spot. I couldn't interfere. It had for me a strange fascination." The significance of this incident will be revealed by the subsequent history.

For the most part Florrie was so absorbed in study, in art, in the widening of her intellectual horizon, that she gave no thought to love. There was, indeed, an affection of an exclusively sentimental character, and lasting for two years, for a professor whose lectures she attended. He wrote touching letters and one day kissed her. She was pleased at this mark of affection and believes that if he had then proposed an elopement she would have agreed. But her senses were quite untouched. Even when one day in a cab he opened her blouse, took out her breast and sucked the nipple, she believes she felt no sexual pleasure. She declined an invitation to come to his bedroom in her dressing gown and nightdress when in the same house with him, as she was sleeping with her sister, and she also had a vague idea that such a visit might lead to pregnancy. But she had no keen disappointment at missing what the professor described as "a lover's embrace." She eventually found out that this man was married. The whole episode left no deep impression. We now, however, approach a highly important epoch in Florrie's life.

Even from the age of sixteen, when she became a keen suffragette, Florrie had believed in the equality of men and women. In theory she regarded it as a worthy ambition for a woman to imitate men and to seek to eliminate all that is feminine. With this she had a horror of man's dominancy and a hatred of his "cruelty" to woman in the past. And nothing filled her with such seething wrath as the knowledge that in the past, and sometimes even in the present, men beat their wives. She could not even speak of this subject, her emotions were too strong. As to the word "obey" in the marriage service, she regarded it as an insult to the whole sex, though in spite of this purely mental defiance, her disposition, as she admits, is really much more to obey than to command.

At the age of twenty-five Florrie wrote an article which was published in a leading Review, dealing with the ethics of force; in a well-reasoned and comprehensive way she marshalled and criticized the arguments in favor of the rule of force, and argued against militarism, and against all exaltation of merely physical strength, as opposed to progress as well as to the instincts and interests of women, who have passed the stage when brute force appeals to them. Her views, as she herself expresses it, were an external

crust plastered over her real self. We now approach a new stage in Florrie's development. From the period of adolescence she had lived on the surface of consciousness, responsive to the normal influences of her environment, and reacting to this on the whole normally. But they had not touched her deep, personal impulses repressed beneath the surface of consciousness. Now these concealed and arrested impulses began to stir, to surge towards the surface, and to seek such devious paths of expression as they could find.

At the age of twenty-eight, still cherishing her abstract hatred of man, she chanced to read an article by a man on "Why Man rules Woman." Here all the old-fashioned conventional arguments on the natural duty of a man to master a woman were crudely set forth: "In the good old days a man proved his superiority over a woman in no uncertain fashion. If she betrayed any symptoms of rebellion he simply took a lash and instilled into her a more satisfactory train of thought; she accepted the lesson meekly and loved him all the more. The good honest laborer who bestowed upon his wife a sound thrashing is rarely extolled by his fellowmen as a redeemer of the rights and privileges of mankind. It is a sad fact, but nevertheless a true one, that the more a man beats a woman the more she admires him." Florrie read and writhed. Others had also read; there was a storm of protest and feminine rage. Much of this was so silly and illiterate in expression that a new and unexpected impulse arose in Florrie. Merely to annoy the feminine protesters, for the sake of argument only (so it seemed to her), she entered the ranks of the letter-writers against the women who refused to let men rule, upholding instead the original writer who advocated chastisement. Under different pseudonyms in several letters, she used her literary ability to argue from history and experience that it is well for a just and educated man to possess the power to chastise a perverse wife, and that, far from resenting it, she loves and respects him as never before; done moderately and in love it was not only harmless, but was beneficial, calculated to restore peace when everything else had failed. Then other women, following her example, also wrote on somewhat similar lines. It seemed to Florrie when she wrote these letters that she was playing a superficial intellectual game. But when we bear in mind her earlier history we shall realize, as she later realized, that she was obeying a deep instinct, which came into consciousness in the only way in which at this stage it could come and be accepted.

That there was really a deep impulse here at work is shown by

the accompanying revival of day-dreaming which for more than twelve years past had ceased to occupy her. The day-dreams were now of more adult character, but exclusively devoted to whipping. They now chiefly depicted wives whipped by their husbands. Instead of disgust and horror at man's tyranny over woman, Florrie found herself beginning to like the idea, to feel that it would be pleasant to be in subjection to a wise and good man who would thus correct her. The humiliation naturally had a charm, and wife-beating no longer seemed so dreadful a thing, nor men such monsters.

Without in the least suspecting that they had any sexual origin, Florrie now invented stories with whipping as the climax, stories of disobedient and ill-tempered wives who were thoroughly thrashed and so reformed. The husband, it will be seen, had taken the place of the mother or school-mistress of the young girl's day-dreams. "In imagination I saw an ill-tempered wife just stepping into a cab to run away when up comes the furious husband, dismisses the cab, quickly escorts her upstairs to the bedroom, and locks the door. Then he opens a drawer, takes out a short, flexible riding whip, and in spite of her cries and entreaties, forces her face downwards on to the bed, pulls up her skirts, strips off her drawers, and then whip! whip! on the bare buttocks, flanks, and calves, until she kicks and screams with pain, imploring him to desist. But he only leaves off when she has been well punished. She then sobs and is penitent. Sometimes I made him tie her wrists and ankles. The whipping was not too severe. But the thought that this was frightfully indecent gave me a wicked thrill; and finally that he could make me endure physical pain, even this was attractive." This first adult outbreak of interest in whipping and flagellatory day-dreaming was severe while it lasted, and she could think of nothing else, day or night. But in two months the day-dreams faded away, and the series of flagellational letters, the writing of which gave her the same relief as day-dreams, was brought to an end. During this period, it is interesting to note, she was moved to take photographs of her own nates, not, it seemed to her, out of admiration of her body, but to enable her to realize the imagined scenes. But though there was no conscious sexual influence, Florrie's views of the relationships of men and women and her general social ideas were modified.

A year or so later Florrie became engaged. There seems to have been no question of deep affection on her part. She had no

thoughts of a sexual nature, and she never day-dreamed of her *fiancé* whipping her. She simply wished to marry in order to avoid being an old maid. This engagement was broken off. But at length, at the age of thirty, she married a professional man, about twice her own age, of high character and amiable disposition. There was no question of passion on either side, but he has always treated her with great kindness, and she cherishes much regard and affection for him.

There have been no marital relationships. By the time she married Florrie had begun to realize for the first time, as a result of accumulated hints and mysterious remarks from various sources, that there is a physical act in marriage. Concerning its exact nature she was still ignorant. Some people hinted that it was very pleasurable; others described it as "horrid," and one said that "it makes you feel lower than the beasts of the field." In view of this conflicting evidence Florrie consulted a girl friend who was astonished and incredulous at her ignorance, and replied: "Everyone knows; Nature teaches them." But Florrie felt that Nature had not taught her.

"I guessed" she writes, "it was something painful since I had read in Restoration Plays of the bride's screams the first night, which everyone expected to hear, and that the next day her brothers and others taunted her with not being able to walk properly, and made her show off for their amusement. (I thought this very horrid and was glad those days were past.) Then I had heard of brides fainting, and altogether I couldn't make out where the pleasure came in, since it seemed full of woe for the bride. I wondered why any girl wanted to be married, and came to the conclusion that they put up with the conjugal act as one puts up with having a tooth extracted. I even once propounded to a girl friend the theory that it would be nice if one could live with one's husband as a brother. She seemed astonished, and said: 'But it wouldn't be marriage!' The truth was that my sex instincts were dormant, and though I was capable of sentimental affection towards men I did not think of them as sexual beings. So when I married I made up my mind with a kind of heroism to endure whatever happened. I dreaded it, yet I was prepared for it. It never once occurred to me that a bride ought to have some anticipation of pleasure. I had, too, been brought up to think any advances on the part of a woman meant immodesty and indecency. I had always regarded a bride as a passive instrument for the use of the man—



something he enjoyed like a mince-pie or a glass of champagne. I was unaware that *she* enjoyed any pleasure, beyond that she was giving to the man. I had a vague idea that she was supposed to be dying to have a baby and he could supply it. But the desire for the baby did not possess me. I consoled myself by thinking that greater warmth might follow my initiation into the mysteries. I wondered if others were like me. A lady had told me that her mother had said to her as a bride: 'Good bye, and remember that whatever you have to go through your mother had to go through the same.' That was all she had to tell about it."

On the wedding night her bridegroom dallied with her a little, complained much of the springy nature of the bed, and finally turned over and went to sleep, not waking till morning. Florrie felt relieved and slept also. Days and nights passed, and her husband made no further allusion to this subject. Florrie followed his example, considering that it was not for her to make advances. Yet she thought it rather strange. There had been no violent love on either side at the outset. As time went on, and they grew fonder of each other (they have continued throughout to be much attached) the husband made an attempt at coitus. It failed. She lay quite still, as he told her, but when the attempt was unsuccessful he blamed her and said it was due to her coldness. She was grieved, but felt there was nothing she could do in the matter. All further attempts were unsuccessful, although erection and ejaculation occurred, and the husband recognized that it was hopeless. He fondles her lovingly, and he appreciates the way in which she accepts the situation without making allusion to it.

In a photograph taken shortly before marriage Florrie appears at the age of thirty as a bright, attractive, fully developed woman. She is plump, but though the hips are pronounced there is no superfluous fat. During the four succeeding years she continued on the whole to pursue the same work and interests which had occupied her before marriage; gradually, however, her mental life began to be overcome by an increasing lassitude, and she found herself losing interest in her old pursuits. She no longer had the same impulse to work or to paint. She attributed this in part to the fact that she was no longer living in the bracing climate she had always been used to, but in a relaxing atmosphere. There may have been an element of truth in this. But it is probable that a more fundamental cause lay in the subconscious sphere. In any case, six years after the first attack of what Florrie terms the "whipping craze,"



there came a relapse, this time in a much more intense, serious, and prolonged form.

She first noticed that she would wake up in the morning feeling perturbed and irritable, although quite calm when she went to bed. She is habitually good-tempered, but on these occasions she would get up feeling an imperative need to quarrel with someone and a wild explosion of anger would burst forth, the victim usually being a servant. These outbursts distressed her greatly; she could not understand them, although later she vaguely divined their sexual significance. To us they may be intelligible if we know that anger is sometimes a transmuted form of latent sexual energy, and an explosion of anger a kind of vicarious detumescence.<sup>4</sup>

Suddenly these fits of temper were entirely replaced by day-dreams of whipping. Yet, even on the surface, there remained a connection. Whipping in the day-dreams was regarded as a punishment for bad temper, a kind of restraining force. It even had a calming effect. Referring to a later stage than we have yet reached Florrie writes: "I do so long for someone to whip me when I feel in a bad temper!" She mentions also that once, when she felt on the verge of an outburst of anger, she whipped herself rather than victimize anyone else, and so obtained relief. "Whipping," she remarks, "acted like a soothing bottle to a fretful child." When the day-dreams were temporarily suspended she would often be irritable and cross, although she felt she ought to overcome this feeling. It is clear, however, that all through this phase Florrie was not consciously aware that it was relief she was seeking. When the idea was at last suggested to her she recognized its truth, but it seemed new.

The day-dreams were in substance identical with those of the earlier period before marriage. But they were now more varied, more intense, more vividly realized, more absorbing. "Sometimes," Florrie writes, "I have pictured myself as having eloped with a groom and derived much enjoyment from a day-dream in which this coarse cruel man ill-treated me. I picture myself sick of him, loathing him and his coarse surroundings. Then I picture his growing exasperation, his intolerance of 'fine lady' airs and graces, his complaints, and at last his threats to whip me. My fury and indignation know no bounds. The thought of this at *his* hands is intolerable, but yet in my day-dreams it gives me a horribly fascinat-

<sup>4</sup> I have discussed this point in *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, Vol. III, 2d ed., pp. 172 *et seq.*

ing, pleasurable, creepy feeling to be roughly handled by this odious man. I know that in reality it would be intolerable, for, as a matter of fact, I hate and loathe common men and feel as if I should scream if they were to touch me with their coarse hands. But in this awful day-dream I have a fiendish delight in the triumph of the man's sheer physical force, in being held down forcibly while he applied the whip unsparingly to my bare flesh. The feeling that I couldn't get away, that I was really hating and loathing the enforced whipping, heightened the sensation."

Florrie had chanced to come across a little low class weekly paper which was full of letters from correspondents about whipping. It would seem, indeed, that this chance had had something to do with arousing her renewed and excited interest in the subject. It also led her, as in the earlier period of flagellational obsession, to write to the papers on the subject. This time, however, she wrote to papers of high standing, and in a more daring manner, while her literary skill ensured the publication of her letters. She found that this occupation momentarily eased the obsession although it was all the time steadily increasing in intensity. Dozens of letters were written in this way, and published in more or less prominent quarters. She who had been so convinced an opponent of force in human affairs, and so vigorous an advocate of women's rights, became the opponent of the suffrage and argued that women should be the slaves of men.

She would, for instance, join in discussions on the Marriage Service of the Anglican Church and write as follows, over the signature "A Contented Wife," in a leading religious newspaper: "We have daily proof that loving submission is by no means regraded as slavery by the average woman. Husbands (in England at least) are not tyrants, and we feel this slight put upon them by the suggestion that the word 'obey' is disagreeable to us. We have the instinct of obedience, and in all things lawful are glad to exercise it. As a married woman I, in company with others, protest against this absurd objection to the word 'obey.' Husbands, in my opinion, would do well to assert themselves more than they do, and a little more discipline in the home might check the modern tendency to gambling." In other letters she plainly advocates "mild chastisement" by the husband as "women respect physical punishment much more than anything else." Of course these letters called out a flood of other letters from indignant feminine correspondents. That was the time of the Suffragette agitation and Florrie entered

with spirit into the discussion as an enthusiastic advocate of the physical chastisement of suffragettes committing outrages. "Our chief virtues," she wrote, "are the outcome of the discipline we received in the past, and now that it is removed women are beginning to revolt." In this connection Florrie had a fright. She sent to an important newspaper, in all seriousness, a day-dream of a suffragette who, caught in the act of committing an outrage on property by other women, was spanked until she promised never to do the like again. The letter attracted attention and was copied into other papers; lawyers and professors wrote to defend the cause of the suffragette; it was proposed to get up a subscription for the "victim"; the Police tried to trace the affair. Finally the public concluded that it had been hoaxed. "Really," as Florrie writes, "nothing was further from my thoughts than a hoax or a joke. My only aim was to give myself a nice (as I now recognize) sexy feeling. Thus may one be carried away by the terrific impetus which literally make one do things against one's will. At the time I wrote it I thought I meant it all, but I couldn't trace its source. I had a vague idea it wasn't my real self to write such a lot of insane nonsense—diametrically opposed to all I had written and advocated in my earlier days when my brain was at its best. But it gave me immense satisfaction."

Florrie was extremely ashamed of these letters and could not bear the thought of anyone knowing she wrote them. The impulse to write them entirely ceased immediately after she came under my observation and found a more wholesome channel of self-expression.

Florrie's excitement in her obsession was now wound up to such a pitch that she felt she must give actual realization to the pictured sensation of her day-dreams. This was a definitely new stage in her development. Hitherto the day-dream had been an end in itself. We may remark, indeed, that Florrie had already for more than ten years past shown an aptitude, even demanding courage, to put imagined scenes into action. It is true that her vesical exploits had seemed to her to be only due to the call of an imperative physiological need. But the desire to feel the actual sting of the whip now seemed an equally imperative need. She had reached a point where she could think of nothing else but whipping and had continually to lie, whether in bed or on a sofa or on the floor, face downwards, imagining that she was being whipped. The primary object was to secure relief by attaining the practical physical culmination of these imaginings. She tried in succession a hair-brush,

a slipper, a strap, a razor strop, a small stick, a birch. These were not altogether satisfactory. At last she found an implement, apparently a lady's small riding whip, which was exactly right. It was of Russian leather with silver mounts, thirty-six inches long, whale-bone covered with gut, and a knotted tip. This gave more pain than anything else, at first almost more pain than she could bear, though it never drew blood. She would apply it after breakfast, first removing her drawers. This whip—though the first time she applied it she thought she must be mad to do so absurd a thing which she had never heard of anyone else doing—became her fetich and the very sight of it soon gave her a pleasurable sensation. (When she read that it was the custom in Russia for a bride to have a silver mounted whip in her trousseau she thought that the best part of the ceremony.) Now this whip corresponded exactly to the whip with which her father whipped her as a child. Yet, strange as it may seem to those who are unacquainted with psychic analysis, it was not until a later period, when she began to study her own history, that Florrie realized that the whip she had once dreaded, which for many early years had fastened itself on her mind as an object of sacred terror, had now re-appeared unrecognized to become a beloved fetich. It may appear yet stranger that even when at length she had recognized in her fetich the whip of her childhood she still failed to see, until the idea was clearly brought before her, any emotional connection between the experiences of her childhood and these experiences of adult age.

The whipping was a satisfaction to her, but it brought no climax of relief. She would sometimes whip until she was exhausted, but still without any relief. She had, however, no clear idea as to what kind of result was to be expected. As she afterwards realized, she was trying, without knowing it, to produce orgasm. But she was supremely ignorant. The prevalent idea in her mind was that there would be some satisfaction if blood came. (We see here the germ of sadism, of algolagnia, which is often equally innocent.) Her thoughts were entirely astray from the sexual sphere, and she was further deceived by a craving to be whipped also on remote parts of the body, arms and legs, palms of the hands, anywhere in fact except on the breasts and abdomen.

But though no orgasm was consciously desired, and none took place, the intensity with which Florrie realized these day-dreams, and the emotional excitement which accompanied these whippings, are evidenced by the fact that she now for the first time discovered

that as a result of day-dreaming and whipping the vulva was bathed with mucus. She had not noticed this in the earlier phase of day-dreaming before marriage, and she now began to realize, for the first time, that day-dreaming must be connected with sex. This was a revelation, but it had no influence, in one direction or the other, on the course of the phase she was passing through. It seems to have led her to place the hand to the vulva while applying the whip and about this time she learnt for the first time of masturbation through reading Dr. Nichols's *Esoteric Anthropology* (at this period almost the only popularly written manual of sex which reached respectable women); it was the first book on sex she had seen, and she here learnt for the first time that mucous discharge accompanied sexual excitement, and first heard of the clitoris. But her manipulations seem to have been slight, only faintly pleasurable, and in any case orgasm was not thereby induced.

With these accessory developments the day-dream grew still more potent and was still more assiduously cultivated. It brought a certain amount of soothing and relief, it enabled her to overcome her fits of irritable temper, but the obsession continued to be interminable, because she never reached a point of adequate satisfaction, even with the aid of the actual whip. The day-dream assumed various forms. Sometimes Florrie would imagine that she had just returned from the theater in low dress, and was getting up a quarrel with the Man, a rather indistinct person, never anyone in particular, but a vague husband, and always very anxious to assert his authority. The quarrel would not arise from any love of quarreling, but wholly because she wishes to provoke him to strike her. Finally, white with rage at her exasperating conduct, he jumps up, pushing back his chair, and seizing one bare arm violently slaps the other. When he has finished with that arm he starts on the other arm, and then on her back until her skin is red all over, and at this point she experiences a "sexy" feeling. She imagines the Man's attitude towards her to be that one would have to a small child whom one slapped, corrected, or petted with a safe sense of proprietorship. It would give her a delicious feeling to think that he claimed her as his own, to do what he would with, to say what he liked to. The sense of being thus possessed, the fact that the Man *dared* to whip her, was a supreme attraction. This was intensified if the day-dream proceeded, and he dragged her upstairs, sobbing and protesting, kicking and biting, until, landed in the bedroom, he locked the door. Anger and terror were now



mingled with strange delight in a relationship so intimate and so daring. The whipping, although severe, and with a tendency to grow severer, was never felt as ever bordering on cruelty, although sometimes the pain was almost past endurance. When it was over Florrie felt reduced to a state of sobs and penitence, with a greater love and respect than before for the Hero who then ordered her about, and made her do things she disliked. Florrie's phantasy, it will be seen, was taking on a masochistic tone. In all these day-dreams the hero was the master and she the slave; he was on the throne and she grovelled at his feet. "If," she writes, "you add to this picture a whip instead of a sceptre in the hand of the King, you get a fair idea of my erotic conception of the relation of the sexes." She could never understand a man wishing to be whipped by a woman; "it seems unnatural and horrid."

A day-dream of an Eastern harem would much excite her sexually. Its luxury or magnificence made no impression on her. The idea that fascinated her was that the women are in bondage, slaves to one man—who is free—and that idea was overpowering. At this time Florrie liked reading the narratives of Europeans' visits to harems, and was impressed by their general failure, as it seemed to her, to comprehend the Oriental standpoint.

It must be understood that Florrie had no desire to be treated with *cruelty*, and in her day-dreams the hero was never inspired by cruel motives. Any callousness on his part would not be tolerated. He is always really fond of her, and if he seems to be cruel he means it for her good. This was the case in all Florrie's whipping dreams. They were not a form of cruelty (she hates all forms of cruelty and has very strong feelings about cruelty to animals) any more than they were, consciously, a form of voluptuous enjoyment. They were always associated with the idea of punishment. The day-dreams thus remained intimately connected, little as she herself was aware of the fact, with that core of infantile experiences in the early whippings inflicted by her father.

The hero certainly lacked respect, and that, indeed, was a word which in her more sexual moments Florrie hated. At such moments she felt—shocking as the admission seemed to her—that to be treated without respect would be a delicious sensation, even in its savagery. There were limitations, indeed. She could not, for instance, imagine herself enjoying the lack of respect of a vulgar common man who kicked her or gave her a black eye. But she would sometimes in day-dreams imagine a sort of satyr man, wild

and uncouth and uncivilized, who possessed a greater fascination than the typical knight. "One sees these queer satyrs," she writes, "in early Renaissance paintings, and they pursue nymphs, and people say, 'How horrible!' But they somehow typify the primitive forces of Nature, crude physical force with a touch of cruelty. Hideous and barbaric, they yet represent something that is lacking in life. I am quite sure that the nymphs liked the fauns and it gave them a lovely sexy feeling when a satyr dragged off an unwilling nymph. But it is only in day-dreams that the satyr-man exists. In real life this embodiment of physical strength without brains is by no means fragrant of woods and streams; more probably he reeks of onions, beer, and perspiration." Usually, however, the attitude of the Man to the woman in Florrie's day-dream has been that of the father to his child. She wanted to be treated like a naughty child. Even when in earlier years she used to write in favor of women's rights and against man in the abstract, she was always conscious of that apparently contradictory feeling. She could not then account for it, and its presence rather annoyed her.

When Florrie adopted the use of the whip as an aid to her day-dreams she attained a much higher degree of satisfaction than had before been possible. She was able to realize her day-dreams in imagination to a much greater extent. But the satisfaction was far from complete. The process was by no means the actualization of her day-dreams, for auto-flagellation had played no part in them. These dreams were normal to the extent that an attractive hero always played the essential part. Thus her method of satisfaction still left her craving for a congenial man to apply the punishment. It was natural that her thoughts should turn to her husband. He knew nothing whatever of her constant obsession and she never at any stage confided to him her ideas and feelings on this subject. But she made a few mild attempts to induce him to play a part in some degree corresponding to the hero of her dreams. These attempts were a complete failure. He felt too much love and respect to be able to bear the idea of hurting her, however slightly, even in play, nothing beyond a gentle pat, and treated a matter, which, had he known it, was absorbing all her vital energy, merely as a joke. She found, moreover, that the touch of his hand, in sexual manipulation, failed to produce any erotic excitation whatever. Her thoughts then turned in another direction. It so happened that in the course of her incursion into newspaper and letter-writing on the subject of flagellation she had come in touch by correspondence with a man, of

lower social class than herself, who was without doubt the victim of a mania for active flagellation. Their interests were so congenial that they had carried on a considerable correspondence on the subject. This man, whom we will call N., had written verses on whipping which he sent to Florrie for her opinion. In one of his letters he stated that it gave him an erection to read about whipping and he desired to know if his letters on the subject made her wish to "tickle" herself. At first Florrie could not make out what he meant, but at last it dawned on her; then at length she definitely realized that N.'s desire to whip, and her own desire to be whipped, were both sexual. This correspondence doubtless still further stimulated her obsession. In any case, it continued to increase. When tired of whipping herself every morning (after breakfast) she would lie on the bed face down and think about whipping and long for a man to whip her. Sometimes she would throw herself on the floor or on the sofa, always face down, with this craving, while the vulva became more and more bathed with moisture. She would try to bestir herself actively in other interests, but was powerless. She would begin writing articles on art and other subjects, as of old, but the imagery of her dreams would come before her, her thoughts wandered, she could not fix her attention, and had to lie down on her face and indulge her dream. Her husband had gone out for the day; she was left to her own devices, and she could not escape from her obsession. Then she would write to N. and he would respond, describing whippings that were largely imaginary, but which gave her what she describes as "a ghastly pleasure." She grew to dislike society, though when staying away from home with friends the obsession was relieved; but even then it would return at night, and if there was a library she would find herself hunting for any book that might touch on the subject that fascinated her. She could read Boccaccio unmoved, but when she reached the Ninth Day with the story of Giosofo beating his wife she would become excited, and the vulva grow moist. She could not see the Taming of the Shrew without longing for Petruchio to beat Kate. Shops where whips were sold and exhibited in the windows offered more attractions than any jewellers' or milliners'; she would stand before them gloating over the display and experiencing what she came in time to recognize was sexual feeling; once she walked two miles merely to see such a shop. This condition she had fallen into caused her much alarm. She would sometimes say to herself: "You are awfully mad; I am sure you will end your days in an asylum."

Then she would regret the passing of the time when asylum patients were flogged and yearn for those past ages when men chastized women without scruple. But there were such men even to-day as she began to realize (although her husband regarded the matter as a joke), and N. was dying to do it.

Finally Florrie agreed to meet N. The meeting was arranged to take place in a strange city, midway between their respective homes, where N. took a room in a hotel, ostensibly for the night. Florrie found him a powerful and fairly attractive man, intelligent and genial, though not refined or well-bred, with nothing about him to suggest cruelty, and much of her own age. He had no personal attraction for her, though she considered him "a fascinating barbarian" and she felt no impulse of trust in him; it was solely the common and complementary obsession of flagellation which brought them together. When they entered the room and he locked the door, she began to feel alarm and put her hand on the lock, but he dragged her away saying he was not going to stand any nonsense, and as she had not come there to be "respected," she made up her mind for the worst. N. was much excited from the first, tremulous and perspiring. He wished to tie her down but to this she objected, and he placed her on the bed face downwards, pulled up her clothes, unfastened her drawers, and pulling her thighs apart, carefully examined her and began to tickle the vulva. She did not relish being handled by the man's coarse hands and remonstrated that this was not in the bargain, but he made a coarse reply and proceeded to fondle and rub her nates. There was no question of coitus. At last he took a birch which he applied unsparingly, touching up the tender spots inside the thighs. Then he used a thin small riding whip (like her own fetich) which made her smart horribly, and it seemed to delight him to see her writhing. He would pause between each stroke to watch her terror at the expectation of the next, though she never dared to utter a cry, rather to N.'s disappointment, for he would have liked her to resist and scream. She merely laughed nervously all the time, though the pain was acute. He also took her between his legs, bending her over his left knee in a grip of iron, and using the birch with all his might. No blood came, which also disappointed N., who explained that he took special delight in the sight of flowing blood. Florrie was, however, covered with black bruises and the marks of the whip showed for a fortnight after. "I wanted it, I craved it, and I got it!" And she added: "It was a terrific relief too. I enjoyed it thoroughly." The

relief was so great that for months afterwards she was able to refrain from whipping herself altogether, and the obsession was never again so overmasteringly powerful, although there were still times when it was continuous. She felt "horribly ashamed" at this episode. She was a well-bred and cultured woman, one, moreover, who had sought to raise the status of her sex, and, as she herself truly said, she was "proper and sedate, so shy and stiff with men they would never dream of taking a liberty," and she could not fail to feel ashamed at the recollection of that "awful ceremony." "I really felt that I was mad to countenance such an indecent proceeding, but I was goaded on by a desire of such intensity that it overcame all other feelings." Yet it was significant that there was a fascination even in the humiliation. "If," writes Florrie, "a woman has the real whipping obsession she gradually comes to delight in the thought of her own degradation and physical suffering. It is hard to analyze, it includes so much. To begin with, when the man locks the door and approaches her with the whip she feels no delight, but cowers, perhaps trembles, and looks at him imploringly like a cowed dog about to be whipped. She shudders at first and half regrets her longings. This of course adds zest to the man's feelings. Then the exposure which follows, dreaded, liked, and yet repulsive to a sensitive woman strictly brought up. The shame, confusion and mental agitation are almost worse than the physical pain. Then he holds her down and the pain begins. Most women can endure a fair amount without flinching—I can—but it seems that the man feels no satisfaction as long as the whip produces no emotional disturbance, even though the skin be covered with weals. It was only the last six cuts that were becoming more than I could bear, stinging cuts on the parts which were sore from being already lashed. I called out in vain protest. Strange, but true, one's keenest enjoyment (if so one may call it) is when the strokes are given in defiance of one's wishes and have passed the limit of endurance! The man, too, feels his keenest thrill in those cruel strokes, not heeding cries, but taking extra pains to give a cut on the thigh where it is most tender. He *begins* by hesitating—he *couldn't* hurt one, he is timid. But the more he whips the more he wants to go on; weals don't satisfy, he wants blood. He knows it causes pain, but he must go on. When it was over, my man said he would like to tie me up and use the 'cat'! He was quite exhausted with his exertions, though he took his coat off before he began. So you see the gradual development from mild



day-dreams to this final exultation in man's physical power over woman."

It was at this stage, less than twelve months after the episode with N., that I first came in contact with Florrie. Then and for some months later she was in much the same condition resulting from that incident. She was, that is to say, relieved from the most acute form of her obsession, yet always haunted by it, always restless and craving for gratification, yet always discontented with her craving, dissatisfied with herself and with what she felt to be the decline from her old self. She was not hopeful of improvement, though believing that under some conditions a cure might be possible, and it was not with that object she had written to me, but rather with the idea, after reading my study of "Love and Pain," that I might be interested to know of her case.

"As the outside world sees me," she wrote at this time, "I am just an ordinary normal woman, fond of my people and my husband, and leading a good moral, if somewhat quiet, life. If I have had to yield to circumstances in the planning of my life, no one knows it—or cares. The fact that I have wasted my time most awfully, and deteriorated lately, is not evident to them. Of course I feel disgusted with myself sometimes. Now I am trying to free myself from my errors! I still think, and know, that to love any man is for me to be his slave. It would give me sexual delight, thrills of pleasure, to be ordered about and punished. Equality would have no sexual charm whatever. To be treated like a child, to feel that the loved one possesses even one's body, to beat at his will, to feel his superior strength gripping one—it is all delicious. Of course there might be disadvantages, and one might weary of it, but, oh! what a woman suffers when she cannot indulge her particular sexual perversity! My brain has become powerless and my physical health lessened. I wish I could cure myself. Perhaps it will pass. I earnestly hope so, for it embitters my existence. My friends are of the intellectual variety, and I have never mentioned the subject to anyone but N., and I knew of his tendencies beforehand."

From this period on, although progress was slow, Florrie never again spoke so pessimistically about herself. It was an immense and immediate relief to be able to face her condition, to talk about it, and to know that her case was not unique nor her fate hopeless. "I have felt better," she soon after wrote, "since I know others have suffered in the same way and don't feel quite such a lunatic

as when I thought I was the only one in the world." "It is because no one seems to trouble about these things," she wrote again, "that they bulk so largely in life, affecting the health, and the temperament generally. The more one bottles it up the more explosive it becomes." A considerable degree of relief was thus attained, and the tension, though not removed, was lessened. She sought to distract her attention from the craving for actual flagellation by directing it into other though mostly related channels. A period of experimentation followed. She succeeded to some extent in diffusing her impulses, and in the diffusion gradually, naturally, spontaneously, she brought them nearer to normal courses. The obsession came back in force at intervals, especially at the menstrual periods, and then she just had to roll on the floor and shiver with longing. She found some relief in simple day-dreams in bed, not usually followed by self-flagellation, in which she would lie face downwards and imagine scenes of women seized by force and held down while men and boys performed coitus, afterwards whipping well. This introduction of the idea of normal coitus was new and spontaneous, and these day-dreams produced local sexual excitement, but not orgasm which, so far, she had never experienced. There was, as these day-dreams show, some shifting of ideals towards the normal center, with the beginnings even of pleasurable sensations in that center brought out by manual touch, not strictly masturbation, which somewhat earlier she had once or twice attempted, both roughly and gently, without the slightest result. At the same time the sight of the whip fetich lost something of its attraction.

At this point a notable stage was reached in Florrie's sexual evolution. Hitherto she had never experienced the orgasm. Imperfect connection with her husband, erotic reverie, actual flagellation, attempts at masturbation, none of these ever led up to actual orgasm, although there had often been a high degree of sexual erethism with much mucous discharge. She had come to the conclusion that she was one of the women she had heard of who never experience the orgasm. At this period, however, early one morning, just after the end of the menstrual period, experiencing vague sexual feelings, her thoughts recurred to the whip which she had not used for a long time. She tried one or two strokes; it cut her painfully and she felt nothing but the pain. So she lay down on her face and thought over things. *Why* had whipping such attraction? And why should that particular part of the body so enjoy being hit? She pondered, and gradually it came to her ("things

are always so slow," she remarked, "such ages in dawning when they have to do with sex, so far as I am concerned") that if she was so sensitive to these blows on the outside perhaps, even without whipping, she might feel some sensation by penetrating further inside, though any approach towards the rectum, which she felt sure had nothing to do with her sensations, had no attraction. She placed her hand, however, between the nates touching the anus and extending to the vagina, moving about a little, and tried to imagine it was a man's hand. "All at once my thighs and legs began to twitch and move in an involuntary manner, my heart began to beat more quickly, and waves of warmth seemed to pass up my body to my head. The vulva seemed to distend terrifically, and become springy, so that my bottom was sent up and down as if I were on springs. Then followed curious sucking-up sensations at intervals, contractions that seemed to want to draw in something. I had by now removed my hand, but the feeling went on just the same. At last (after a few seconds, I suppose, really) it was all over, leaving wetness, and I was rather frightened, like a child that has accidentally set off an alarm." But she repeated the experience three times in succession, with nearly the same result each time, and then got up, very white, and rather shaky. She realized that, for the first time in her life, in a totally unexpected way,—a way that seemed to her rather horrid so that she was never tempted to repeat it,—she had experienced the orgasm.

This manifestation of the orgasm is a fact of great significance. We see that Florrie's gluteal obsession had a genuine physical basis, being associated with a corresponding sexual orientation, natural or acquired, and probably both, in the direction of the anus. We realize how deeply implanted in the organism are these complexes which, to the superficial observer, often seem to be entirely psychic, mere vagaries, arbitrary and capricious, the result of accidental external circumstances.

(To be continued)

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## A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY OF SOME ALCOHOLICS<sup>1</sup>

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I trust those who at first may think I am but "carrying coals to Newcastle" in presenting a paper upon alcoholism at this late date, will reconsider some of the modern psychologic aspect of the problem and thus realize that alcohol and its influence upon modern life is not to be disposed of so easily as closing the metaphorical mines at Newcastle, or by merely preventing people from "carrying coals." In the various excessive and habitual indulgences in alcohol we have a multitude of causes and results for study and analysis. At one time alcohol may serve as a paralyzant to the repressing forces of social customs and make an otherwise difficult social grouping free and natural. At another, it may furnish an extended pleasure wand to reach a goal or state of rapport not tangible to the foreshortened grasp of an individual who lacks the capacity to create a proper degree of self-produced pleasure; while at another time it may make easy for free egress the deeper and illy adjusted unconscious motives. Alcohol therefore is, perhaps, dangerous only to those who use it for illegitimate ends. In many instances these alcoholic individuals have failed to complete certain emotional cycles of earlier development wherein alcohol prevents proper and satisfactory repression or socially acceptable sublimations.

May not the ardency of the prohibitionist be a compensatory public inhibition for more intimate personal liberties denied or repressed? Is he not, then, a sort of public asceticist? It is often popularly held that a man totally abstinent in one field may be licentate in another. No doubt extreme alcoholic repression calls for its precise study and analysis no less insistent though less socially and medically useful. It may well be, as has been aptly stated, that the alcoholic suppresses his libido and only frees it in drunkenness while a neurotic per se expresses himself sexually or in repressing the latter unduly he elaborates self-indulgent symptoms

<sup>1</sup> Read (in abstract) before the New York Neurological Society, April 2, 1919; and before the American Neurological Society, Atlantic City, June 18, 1919.

of nervous invalidism. As eminently practicable as legal prohibition may seem at this time, may we not expect a signal increase in all sorts of neuroses and psychoses as a result of such measures being employed? Only by careful analysis of alcoholism in the individual as well as a social custom may we heal the conditions. When we uncover the fault, then and then only may we intelligently apply the remedy. While it may be that the statistics of Drenkhalm are not strictly reliable, that all forms of neuroses and psychoses have increased on alcohol prohibition, may not certain individuals depriving their psyche of the refuge or revolt in alcoholic indulgence induce thereby other forms of retreat into nervous illnesses? Whether the psychoneurotic falls sick with fear, hysteria, dementia præcox or alcohol, one may deplore the great waste of energy which is entailed in merely displacing the causative factors such as alcoholism by alcoholic prohibition and not really doing away with the underlying defects that make alcohol as the head and front offender such a seeming menace.

We have neither the time nor space here to show that usually all the conscious motives given for alcoholic indulgence are but specious casuistry or at best inadequate rationalizations. In this respect, however, the process of reasoning is only a little more exaggerated than that given for many another form of indulgence. It is here mentioned only to show that if we are to arrive at any true analysis of the defect we must not only consider the conscious reasons but investigate by all methods possible the unconscious strivings met or perverted by alcoholic indulgence.

Thus in the literature<sup>2</sup> hitherto only conscious reasons have been considered. The reasons given were all mere subterfuges for a simple desire for drink. Diametrically opposite motives are attributed—coolness in hot weather, warmth in cold weather; celebration of unexpected happiness, drowning of sorrow and relief from heaviness of heart. The rich man wishes to increase his pleasant glow of being at ease; the poor man wishes an illusion of comfort. As to the alcoholic's lack of insight, social factors must be considered. The drinking man is guided by the same prejudices as the rest of us; he has the same ideas as to the necessity of alcohol as we; he also believes he is moderate; all the excuses he presents, we also use. One's use of alcohol is proportioned to one's idea of its value. The need for shelter and the misery it entails

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Otto Juliusberger, Steglitz, Zur Psychologie des Alkoholismus, Zentralblatt für Psychoanalyse, Vol. 3, p. 1.



drive us often to public houses, where all primrose paths lie open, so that often even a little drink is more attractive to many persons than their own homes, which in many cases are not fit for human habitation. Business is often irrevocably bound with conviviality, likewise certain social and political activities. For the individual and for society in general there are, therefore, ample reasons and excuses for drinking.

But the habitual alcoholic is especially tormented with and guided by strong and overweighted feelings and representations. The overweight usually keeps him from seeing his disastrous condition truly, and because he cannot bring his real bases of life to light, he must manufacture explanations, push the blame on to others, insults his wife and relatives, and complains of his lot. This is only surface ploughing, however; the real roots are in the unconscious. In one of Juliusberger's cases, an uncle played a rôle in the patient's increasing desire for alcohol. After working hours the man enjoyed drinking with his uncle; he married a woman who had formerly belonged to the uncle's household. His first severe alcoholic attack followed immediately after the uncle's death, and he had feelings of anxiety and fear which drove him to drink. Doubtless the fear resulted from the repressed feeling for the uncle, and the desire to drink was additionally conditioned by memory of previous drinks with him. In another case of dipsomania the homosexual component is quite transparent through his wish to "treat" only men, who are to order what they like,—a sure symbol of love as Juliusberger thinks. The fear and restlessness which introduces so-called dipsomaniac attacks are also rooted in conflicts and repressions of the sexual desires.

If we start from the fact that there is a bisexuality inherent in everyone the homosexual component in emotional development must manifest itself even in adult life. If this can not be shown openly then masks and symbols must be used. Its different manifestations in process of sublimation are well known. Strong friendships between members of the same sex have a foundation in it and all social customs provide for homo- as well as hetero-sexual expression. In many assemblages the men and women often tend to gravitate apart and the sexes associate each with each. This is probably neither chance nor custom alone. It would seem to be too spontaneous, seemingly too instinctive for that. Can it be merely chance that men so much enjoy being among themselves and drinking together, sometimes roughly, sometimes in more refined

manner. There seems an invisible force that drags a man from his comfortable home and loyal family to the public house—it even drags him out of bed sometimes. What lies, what fabrications, what machinations must he employ to wander from home. No reason is too weak to lean upon. Gambrinus and Bacchus are the gods and guardians of alcoholic masculinity. It was no chance or fancy that made male deities the patrons of this particular custom. Gambrinus and Bacchus themselves are only symbols and objectifications of the homosexual.

The strength of this subconscious tendency was nicely shown in a case of delirium reported by Juliusberger. The patient (married and father of a family) lived out his unconscious desires for consummation of alcoholic comradeship in his delirium. It is known that delirium is accompanied by fear and fear-hallucinations. The patient is frightened by men who make all sorts of attacks upon him. This can only be a projection. Why does the alcoholic deliriant always see certain animals which are well known as sex symbols in general, and especially, when seen by man, as showing homosexual designs? The lizards, snakes and mice that surround him are clear enough. Only so can we explain the regular return and characteristic type of these attacks.

Acute as well as chronic hallucinations (and this is also true for female drinkers) can be found to be a form of persecutory mania arising from unconscious and denied homosexuality. They believe themselves accused of homosexual acts, or else believe they are being forced into such relationships, which they abhor. Both of these are projections.

Many alcoholics also have a "reverse-*Oedipus*" complex which shows in deliria—the patient feels himself accused of punishable relations with his children.

The fear of an alcoholic is partly determined by the breaking down of an overstrained sublimation mechanism; this makes a block in the libido, a fertile well of endogenous fear. Flooding the organs with toxins also has an effect on the sublimatory process. There is, of course, some exogenous cause for this fear. Unconscious homosexuality is only *one* factor in the alcoholic psyche.

Doubtless to this is due in part the growing addiction of women to drink. The breaking down of social barriers, opening new occupations, desire to do as men do, etc., are not sufficient in themselves to explain this. The formerly unjustly laughed-at social tea was the sublimated expression of feminine homosexuality;

but alcohol is more satisfactory, therefore formerly reserved for men. The virile component of women is stirred today and this helps to explain woman's increased turning to alcohol. The more the virile works itself out, the more these expressions and symbols will be required. This also holds true for nicotinism.

Freud has shown that homosexuality is also responsible for alcoholic jealousy. He says: "The rôle of alcohol in jealousy is comprehensible. We know that this form of enjoyment lets down barriers and negates sublimations. Disappointment in women often drives a man to alcohol. He goes to the public house, to the company of men, who give him what he misses at home among women. If they become strongly attached to these men, unconsciously they use the third form of resistance: 'I do not love this man—she loves him,' and he accuses his wife of loving all the men he has loved. The jealousy-paranoia of women is analogous, and the jealous woman accuses her husband of loving all the women that please her because of her narcissism and homosexuality."

The masochistic component also often shows itself in the questionable company sought out by chronic drinkers. We often find this otherwise unaccountable desire to sink socially in drinking periods. Also there is a certain feeling of quiet.

It has been found that the jealous drinker who accuses his wife of infidelity himself also wanders into liaisons, or represses his inclinations with great difficulty. There are analogous cases with women who are jealous. Through the more or less projected feeling of guilt to the partner, the soul feels some relief and freedom, and this process also feeds the sadistic desire. There is another atavistic feature of jealousy. Atavistic reminiscences play a large rôle in alcoholic psychology. In man's soul still slumbers the desire to dominate and tyrannize over woman. Especially in the alcoholic we come closer to atavistic remains, and chronic intoxication on the other hand reawakens and clears the way for the ancient relics.

We shall come to understand more and more how atavism gains new life in those psychically sick. The law of biogenesis entails the law of psychogenesis. The desires of olden times have not died; they return to the discomfort of the soul. Atavism occurs both in healthy and in abnormal states. The life of primitive man fulfilled his wishes more nearly, with less interference from intellect and knowledge. There must have been excessive wishes, such as express themselves today in the desire for absolute rule in the neuroses.

The more we consider the individual psychosexual constitution, the more we shall find it rooted in the sadistic-masochistic complex. Those who take pleasure in tyranny can at least command their equally drunken comrades, who in turn take pleasure in obeying. The pleasure of drinking one's dear friend under the table and similar ones indicate the same. The close relationship between the university beer brotherhoods and the seemingly unconquerable desire for physical injuries (duelling) must not be lost sight of. There are excellent reasons for duelling, all of which fall through. This sadistic component not only explains duelling but is also a key to the numerous delinquencies and crimes that so notoriously accompany alcoholism. Alcohol numbs the higher functions. The psychosensory and motor protective mechanisms are enfeebled. Fortunately all drinkers do not become criminal, still alcohol permits hidden criminal desires to work out. The sexual component alone does not explain the behavior of alcoholics—the whole psychic content must be considered.

Many crimes seem to be discharges of the need of a "howling drunk." This is one of the profoundest needs of human nature, similar to the need for losing the individuality under the stress of sex and love. The primitive rudeness of alcoholic behavior, the leaning toward all that is forbidden, all show the origin of this undifferentiated craving for ecstasy. This, like criminality, is atavistic. The desire to transcend oneself also shows itself as a desire to forget. Chronic alcoholism tends to produce all sorts of memory disturbances; powers of observation are diminished, orientation is lost, and the individual lives in a phantasmagoric world. Physiological as these results may be, there is also to be considered the complex of amnesia, the will and wish to break the chain of personal history and continuity. Here again is the desire to transcend the ego.

The other expression of this desire is suicide, to which alcoholics often turn. Suicide can also be used as self punishment, in those cases where the criminal tendencies come into conflict with other trends. Two souls in one body suffer conflict only resolvable in death,—Nirvana.

The transcendent urge for self immersion agrees well with the libido trend of auto-erotism and mother-fixation. This is illustrated in solitary drinking, and the cycle of good resolutions and failure common to auto-erotism. The repeated urgency of alcoholic desire is also attributable to the erogenous nature of the mouth, like the desire for nicotine and sweets. For some it is no hard-

ship to forego alcohol; these are frequently, however, nicotine or candy addicts.

Abraham<sup>3</sup> states that it is well known that men are more given to drinking than women. Alcohol has not worked itself into women's social life as into that of men. Society never demands that women drink, and it never lends prestige among normal women as among men. This difference may have its root in primary sex differences. Evolution shows that our bodies contain rudimentary sex organs of both sexes. One in the course of normal development atrophies or takes on other functions. The other set develops to full power. So it is with psychosexual attributes—these also originate as bisexual. As Freud has taught, children are capable of sexual excitement. Only the reproductive function lacks development and the first directions are generalized (polymorphic perverse). The infantile libido has no object, is autoerotic, seeks pleasure in excitement of erogenous zones. All sex energies in the preadolescent stages are not, however, autoerotically used—to a considerable extent they are repressed from consciousness, finding their outlet in social functions. This direction into social trends is sublimation. At adolescence both sexes attain the physical characteristics of their own sex. On the psychosexual side is the stage of object-finding. The libido turns to the other sex. But women show more tendency to repression and acceptance of obstacles. Alcohol works on sex impulse by dropping barriers and increasing its activity. But sex is complicated. The normal individual is able to sublimate his homosexual component into feelings of harmony and friendship with his own sex. The healthy man has distaste for tenderness between man and man, but alcohol dissolves this repugnance. Men drink, fall around one another's necks, feel themselves united by an inner bond and weep. Every drinking bout has a touch of homosexuality. The homosexual component which we are taught to repress comes through clearly under alcohol.

Love potions play a great rôle in all mythology; the erotic working is doubtless alcoholic in its nature. The festivals to the gods of the grape are likewise erotic festivals. Wine is often the symbol of conception or fruitfulness. In one section of the world there is a custom of pouring wine into maidens' laps in the spring. Drinking to someone's health is wishing that the life principle in wine may do him good.

<sup>3</sup> Karl Abraham, *Die psychologischen Beziehungen zwischen Sexualität und Alkoholismus*, Zeitschr. f. Sexualwissenschaft, 1908, p. 449.



Prowess as a drinker bespeaks prowess in sex. The non-drinker is considered a weakling. Men begin to drink at puberty, at the age when they must be "men." One who fails to drink is considered childish by his contemporaries. The old man who has become impotent finds a surrogate of his fading powers in alcohol. Man relies on alcohol because it gives him a feeling of manliness, and flatters his manliness complex. Women who have a strong desire for liquor are likely to prove homosexual.

Chronic drinkers have a certain character,—they confide easily, call every man friend, and show unmanly emotionalism. They have no shame; all the fine feelings produced by sublimation are annihilated. We know the toxic action of alcohol on the spermatozoa. Men drinkers become impotent—alcohol betrays them by a false sense of power, and steals the real. But they continue to delude themselves, using alcohol as a surrogate for what they have, unknowing, lost. This is something like certain forms of perversion. The perversion, repressed, expresses itself and satisfies itself in neurotic phantasies. The patient has a tremendous resistance to analysis and brings all sorts of defenses into play. So it is with the alcoholic, who will deny the obvious. The neurotic hugs his symptoms because they give him satisfaction, and so with the drinker. Social influences, bad bringing up, inheritance, do not suffice by themselves to account for alcoholism. The individual must be considered, and cannot be unless we understand the relation between alcohol and sexuality.

Rather than employ such a loose, all-embracing mechanism of the sadistic-masochistic principle, is it not easier to say that the unconscious has different depths or levels and that in different degrees of intoxication we uncork or release varying levels of unconscious strivings and conflicts? In one it may only go so deep as the homosexual, the bachelorhood or club rapport; in another, or even in the same individual the autoerotic may be shown, or the exhibitionist, etc., and the deepest regression of infancy may be invoked. When we come to study actual case material we are aware that the theory that all alcoholism holds a homosexual component may be true, but it is not at all clear in every case, and even when found there are many other autoerotic, heterosexual and maternal fixation principles brought out in many cases, and not infrequently in one and the same case.

Does the new conception afford more than scientific insight? It makes obvious the innate fault of the instinctive life, the fixation in

the evolution of the emotional life and shows us the pattern plan of what sort of training-out and social readjustment is necessary to heal such individuals. Anything less in the way of a comprehensive treatment is doomed to an early failure. In the definite periodic drinker (dipsomaniac type) the character usually shows less of the epileptic constitution *per se* and more of the unstable makeup of the constitutional inferior. Altogether the study shows the truth of the contention that the line of treatment must always rest upon individual and social analysis of the particular subject under consideration and that here, as in other profound neuroses, analysis, and even routine psychoanalysis may be undertaken, but that as a whole the confirmed alcoholic is by far a less favorable subject for pure analytic treatment than almost any other neurosis. Perhaps in the vast majority of cases one may optimistically hope for an arrest of the habit if proper precautions and lessened social demands are made upon these special types of inferiors.

The several cases upon which I shall give brief case notes are drawn from private practice and particularly illustrate various points of the psychology of alcoholism discussed in the foregoing text. A fact of considerable value is that they are for the most part individuals whom I have studied very carefully over a period of years, and one may say they illustrate in a measure the end-results in the treatment of such alcoholic subjects. One may exclude the high grade feeble-minded, the moron, from this material. They are all capable and highly intelligent subjects.

#### CASE NOTES

CASE I is a man now fifty-two years of age, of slender physique, rather prematurely gray, and who does not impress one as having much physical or mental stamina. He is able, however, to meet all the ordinary obligations of the small community in which he lives. His father left him a small competence, and he supplements this income by a little literary work and the returns derived from his small New England farm. His alcoholic tendencies began at fifteen or sixteen, when a high school student. At college he had frequent *sprees* and was expelled for this reason. With only a year or two free interval between, he continued his drinking bouts for a period covering twenty-five years. For the past thirteen years he has taken no alcohol whatever, and has no real inclination or desire to do so.

He was a spindling, anemic child. He attended school irregularly and gained a one-sided education; he was good in literature, but lacked training in mathematics. He gained a superficial but common-sense view of life by coming in contact with the workmen on his father's farm, but he himself engaged in very little work. He appeared to be a "genial, simple-hearted boy." Through irregular attendance at several preparatory schools he gained most of his more advanced education, but in spite of several years at a university he acquired merely the average intellectual equipment of a good high school student. Some of the irregularity in his school training was said to be due to threatened tuberculosis. At twenty years of age, after discontinuing his college training, he engaged in a desultory manner in his father's manufacturing business. At twenty-two he studied law, but his law practice was as intermittent as his school studies because of his alcoholic tendencies. He went from law to cattle raising, and then to various agricultural ventures. In none did he succeed, even though he did not drink for a year or more at a time. Any continued attempt at hard work seemed to "break his spirit." Some time later he became a translator of French, and finally drifted into politics. Naturally a non-conformist, he became an ardent socialist and student of revolt toward all modern, social and political conventions. Soon, however, his growing alcoholic indulgences broke down his precarious socio-political propaganda, and he became a wanderer, visiting nearly all the outlying countries of the world. He was often lost sight of by his family, and when located they had to resuscitate him financially, morally and physically. He had undergone such moral and mental dilapidation that he lost touch with his relatives, from whom he became estranged and embittered. He was finally placed in a sanitarium for confirmed inebriates where the laxity of treatment permitted alternating periods of sprees and sobering up.

A very precise estimate of this man's personality and character showed that beneath his genial disposition there was a perfectly adamant intent to have his own way. While he learned easily he never thoroughly mastered any subject. He had good power of concentration and observation, but lacked good judgment. He had little power of logical reasoning yet his fund of argument and making deductions was "a sort of sledge-hammer stroke" which through lack of proper support often brought his views into ridicule or good-natured contempt. He had no practical capacity to use his hands, and preferred to day dream and seek visionary schemes

for reforms. He submitted illy to the home routine; he "got up late, and never went to bed." Superficially he appeared to be a facile and interesting young man, somewhat odd in his views, but withal kindly disposed and harmless in his ideas of instituting reform. His extreme personal cleanliness as a boy and his finicky demands of others in this respect made him seem effeminate and out of touch with his more robust companions. He was never really frank with anyone, not even his mother, on whom he greatly depended in the home to take his part. He made much of his aches and pains, and any sickness in the family seemed to him a personal calamity, not met with efforts of adjustments and helpfulness, but he would sit and groan as though he were the real sufferer. He had an intensive inner life, and had great difficulty to free himself from introspection. For long periods he seemed so engrossed that whole series of everyday happenings would pass unnoticed. In personal emotional reactions there existed the most marked defects. He was extraordinarily sensitive, yet took none of the usual precautionary measures of the sensitive child to avoid being taken to task for little transgressions. When scolded as a young child he was "tremendously grieved, and looked beaten and humiliated to the last degree." He was totally unable to see how his conduct could have been so grossly misunderstood, and he was crushed and speechless for periods lasting as long as two or three days. The rather stern but just parents could not comprehend these intense "sore-hearted periods," and his nature seemed entirely foreign to them.

So soon as his drinking periods became frequent and marked, the whole family was cast into gloom; his mother took to her bed, and his father sat by himself and became uncommunicative. At first, as he recovered from these debauches he maintained a defense of "injury"; he rarely spoke of them and was petulant if mentioned by others. He was very self-indulgent, but was also generous to others. While he was light-hearted, cheerful and enthusiastic, it was always hard for him to create such an atmosphere for others, and he felt very ill at ease and oppressed under the effort to create social rapport. The hard, grinding tasks of life troubled his sensitive nature, and if too insistent in their demand he grew serious and pessimistic, which in later life changed to a sort of defense of cynicism and hypercritical attitude followed by extreme alcoholic indulgences. After a short-lived effort to set things right he would grow silent and querulous, and when aroused would say, "Oh, life

is really not worth living." In such extremities of mind he assumed an attitude of self pity, ate and slept poorly, and had periods of anxious restlessness which ended in deep lethargies. Later these lethargies culminated in the most intense debauches. As he became older, he had periods of spurious *weltschmerz* which ended in short episodes of pietistic and religious zeal. He formed boy clubs and social betterment groups, but his activities were usually shortlived. It required a continued effort to build them into permanent reality, to which he could not bring himself to submit. He felt that the conventional religious life was often futile, and though he had the vision of a reformer he had not the grit to work out a corrective system. He had "flashes of vision," but responsibilities crushed him and paralyzed any consistent program of enduring effort,—like the main character in Tolstoi's "Redemption." The father thought his son was too sensitive for the stern world of reality and that his character needed to undergo a hardening process, while the mother took the reverse view,—that reality should be modified to meet her son's state of emotional arrest.

While quite in touch with the emotional side of his boy associates, he shrank from their more robust physical activities, and as they grew to repress any tendency to emotionalism, so markedly in contrast to his own nature, they gradually became estranged. Thus left out of the boy group, he turned spasmodically to the companionship of girls, but not in the usual masculine attitude seen in developing youths. He assumed a romantic and poetic ardor toward them, and preferred those who were strong physically and not so keen mentally. He sought quiet opportunities to express his thoughts to them, but apparently without being over sentimental or sensual. He liked a female audience, particularly a "motherly attitude of gentleness and adoration," and expected in return a full appreciation of his emotional and intellectual attainments. He did not become engaged until forty years of age. Before that the mere wraith of an understanding was apparently sufficient,—a remote gallantry all that was desired.

To the family and solicitous friends he never gave any consistent reason for his alcoholic indulgences. Nothing special seemed to lead up to them. If he had a toothache or felt nervous he quickly resorted to liquor. He could not "stand pain or endure unimaginative hard work." He undertook in later life to write a series of law articles, after the alcoholic habit was firmly contracted. He mapped them all out in advance, wrote one or two,



and then dropped the whole project. He seemed little concerned in breaking his contracts. He always felt that he never had the right kind of environment to do good work.

Thirteen years ago he was taken from the sanitarium and placed under strict personal supervision. A thoroughly detailed physical and mental reconstruction was instituted, and he was kept under this regime for two years with great physical and mental improvement, but his general attitude of life and his place in it remained unchanged. All felt when the routine was removed he would again relapse if life difficulties should bear too heavily upon him. In spite of special precautions he had one short spree eighteen months after coming under the supervisory régime. He recovered quickly from this. Immediately after he became engaged and married a widow several years older than himself. His wife seems to understand him and has a much superior insight into life's adjustments. She reports that he has had nothing like an alcoholic reaction except "for a day or two a year," when he becomes loquacious, mildly elated, and physically restive. At the end of such periods under the sympathetic attentions of his wife, he grows "mellow," and takes on an appreciative attitude; toward an older brother of whom he is usually jealous he assumes a benevolent appreciation; he forgives all parental mistakes toward him in the past and says he cannot comprehend how they could have been so kind and patient. He has steadily become less socialistic and anti-authoritative. He was much out of patience with the extreme radicalism of his party, and in 1915 even desired to be sent overseas to enlighten the socialistic democrats of Germany. He is fairly productive in a small way, and lives constantly under the wise, beneficent régime of his wife. They have no children.

It is fairly evident that this man was a born psychopath, with irregular depressive episodes. Inheriting a certain type of defective instincts, he failed by inheritance and training to properly adjust himself to the growing demands of his environment, his emotional instability increased, and certain aspects of hypersensitiveness were carried on into his later adolescence uncontrolled. When the increased stress of adult life had to be met he took on alcoholic reactions. By intensive inquiry and analysis (not psychoanalysis) it was seen that his fluctuations and perturbations of a child-like makeup could not furnish sufficient compensations for the more adult demands and at the more extreme swings of mood, and at the painful depressive episodes especially he used alcohol to

deaden the painfulness of reality. Undoubtedly no one psychological formula was sufficient to explain his alcoholic reactions, that is, a definite, unconscious homosexual trend could not be definitely postulated. His primary identification with the mother, of course, paralyzed his whole after development; there was abundant evidence, not elaborated here, of his intensive self love (narcissism) and his growing inability to make the normal heterosexual life in early manhood. One might say that his inability to fully elaborate his emotional life and gain proper inhibition at the different epochs ultimately overtook him as a sort of nemesis, and he was doomed to seek all sorts of regressive indulgences. (He took various forms of narcotics for a short time in his pathologic career.) Just why alcohol filled his needs best is not easy to say. It may be it furnished the greatest relief at the weakest part of his emotional defect. Thus it served to make possible a more perfect rapport with the men when far from home, it allayed the mental pain of homesickness (the desire for the mother), and also diminished the chagrin and humiliation of a possible trick of fortune or baffled social success in these different environments. It is interesting to note the process of ultimate and automatic (?) cure. A modified acceptance of the heterosexual life with a pronounced mother-imago attachment are quite obvious. Under such a living régime, plus the reduction of the extremes of economic necessity he is able to suffer only slight perturbations of his inherent pathologic defect, that is, he is not really cured but the alcoholic reactions are in arrest. The apparent diminution of his spirit of revolt born of inferiority shows that the latter is no longer sorely taxed, and this in turn gives him an easier social adjustment to his family and friends.

CASE II is that of a woman now forty years old who has been an irregular drinker in sprees for nineteen years, or since her marriage. For the past three years the "attacks" have been less frequent and severe, during which time she has been separated from her husband, divorced, and has finally become attached to an elderly unmarried woman who seems to play the double rôle of mother and a college "crush." She was born of extremely neurotic stock, many members of which have been insane, peculiar or eccentric; two maternal uncles died alcoholic. One brother is diabetic and alcoholic. The patient's physical and intellectual development were unnoteworthy. However, she has always remained extremely child-like and has a certain fascinating naïveté. She was a lively, ener-

getic child, but preferred to play alone and had a fantastic imagination. As a child she possessed no real sense of inferiority although she frequently played that she had. She was vain and proud and given to self-admiration. Love of dress engrossed most of her waking life; she, however, dressed with neatness and in modest taste. She was inclined to extreme self pity, and paid much attention to aches and pains. Aside from a very few friends she has never had any intimate friendships. She was always pliable to the mother's direction, had a desire to be fondled and made much of. In brief she possessed a shallow, sunny, child-like character, with many of the little affectations of the petted spoiled child. She was fondly attached to several girl friends in a school-girl crush manner. She saw little of men. A few elderly men paid court to her, and this she accepted in a daughter-father attitude. The love affair and marriage, and the sequence of the alcoholic habit thus engendered, are of chief interest. Her marriage was planned in a rather childish manner. Her fiancé considered her a sort of "amusing toy," to be played with, to be amused or to be taken in a humorous, whimsical sense. Neither during the courtship nor engagement did either develop any real sense of the serious side of life. She said, "I had no sense of loyalty or real love for my husband, nor did I feel any exclusive tenderness toward him at any time." The engagement before marriage existed for two months, during which time she played "fast and loose" with her fiancé. The night before the wedding the plans of living came up for the first time. She had never given the matter any concern or thought. She slept with the mother and rested poorly, had disturbing dreams, her head ached, she felt depressed, and resolved not to show up at the ceremony. She even thought of running away. All the morning she felt inadequate and for the first time felt a strong impulse to take alcohol. Previously she had taken it merely in a casual manner. Now she took generous portions of champagne and cocktails. While under the stimulus of the alcohol the marriage took place. She said, "I was the most cool and collected person in the whole church. I showed no emotion." At the wedding dinner the "alcoholic courage" wore off, and she had all the nervous symptoms of the early morning. She again took copious draughts of champagne and left for a short honeymoon. She became homesick the second day and wanted to get back to her mother. She indulged in mental abstractions and lethargies. On the third day of the honeymoon, when required to meet the marriage relations, she

felt faint and dizzy, finally submitting after several hours and a copious supply of champagne and cocktails. From that time on the marriage situation was harassing and difficult and possible only when under the influence of alcoholic stimulation. Quarrels and misunderstandings became frequent and were followed by alcoholic sprees. The lover attitude on the part of the husband began to disintegrate and she awakened to the disillusionment that he was not particularly ambitious or successful and that in the absence of a love motive and an insistent longing to visit the mother every day, which was not gratified, she found it necessary to indulge in alcohol to supplement the feeling of loneliness and inadequacy. She then began to have dogs, canaries and other pets as substitutes for a family, but these were insufficient and she felt desperately lonely and of no use in the world. The depressions thus engendered were saturated with alcoholic indulgence. The vague wish to establish a home was finally completely wrecked at her husband's illness and they returned to hotel life nearby the mother, where the patient could see her daily. Alternate efforts to make the marriage go with various forms of substitutes and palliations had to be reënforced by the periodic use of alcohol, which gradually increased until considerable ethical and moral dilapidation developed and the patient was separated from her husband for long periods. The mother earnestly took the daughter's part, supplying her with extra money and clothes that the husband was unable to afford. This increased the husband's annoyance, which, not being able to express it toward the rich mother-in-law, could best be taken out in frequent quarrels with his wife, which always ended in the patient's indulgence in alcohol and further breaking away from the marriage ties and going out into social settings where young men were in evidence. She began to flirt and drink, and this always preceded an incipient phase of being scolded and reprimanded, or immediately after they had taken place. Quarrels at night made her sleep poorly, she had anxiety dreams and in the morning would feel depressed and begin to drink before breakfast. Thus she formed definitely the alcoholic habit to overcome unpleasant situations and to make her forget. Still further dilapidations took place in the moral sphere. The patient began to meet men and go to dinner with them on the sly, which her mother looked upon as being only a just manner of punishing the husband. Finally the patient came to the conclusion that while she was sorry for her husband, she was sorrier for herself, and thought her life had been wrecked

through his bad handling of their married life. She therefore more or less deliberately planned to find a way out by means of love episodes. A young foreigner she became interested in had all the courtesies that the husband did not supply; she then found it less necessary to drink, but still there was the old attachment to the husband and when this prosaic relationship had to be accepted she found she was inadequate to meet it except by the use of alcohol. The marriage relations were finally entirely broken off, and the patient went back to her mother for solace and financial support. She then began to find out in quite an adult way that she had not handled the marriage situation very well, yet she had no inclination to undertake it over again on any more rational grounds. She fully realized that she never had loved her husband, that the fault had been hers for the most part and that the general wreckage was complete, leaving her with a vague sense of longing for a more happy relationship which could not be obtained, plus the necessity of using alcohol to meet a want that had been "kindled but not met." The "flirting episodes" seemed to take the place of alcohol and she then first realized that the uncontrollable desire to drink always had a connection with a suppressed sexual desire. Under ordinary circumstances she could drink a little and stop, and did so between the periods of the sprees. Her taking overdoses of drugs were really attempts at suicide in which she wished to die and be rid of the situation which she felt she could not settle.

She was placed under strict observation and a system of training treatment after one of her sprees. The drinking bouts were invariably carried out in extreme retirement followed by a pliant mood and remorse. It was found she had no enduring interests in life except to dress and to look well. She was not interested in sports and had no hobbies. She liked extremely to spend hours in gossip. She read a large number of light romances, yet seemed clean minded. She remained well under medical espionage for nearly two years. She went back to the husband in an apartment hotel, but without assuming the marriage relations. Notwithstanding this she feared pregnancy, which caused the greatest uneasiness. After this experience she went on a prolonged spree, drinking as usual by herself. This episode of indulgence caused a separation from the husband, after which she began to improve at once. She remained free from alcoholic indulgence for a year after the separation, when under the influence of a wraith of a love affair she "spread it" again and finally passed into the care of an elderly



unmarried woman who, as the patient said, supplied the mother and woman lover part of her demands. Since this last attachment two years ago she has only moderately indulged in alcohol. She has gradually undergone a good deal of moral and mental dilapidation and has given up any real effort to live a healthful social life or engage in useful occupation.

We have in this woman a not unusual type of constitutional inferior or emotional arrest, and an illy balanced judgment and will. We find her extremely mother-attached and very narcissistic. There was no real capacity or aptitude to make an adult love marriage. So soon as the latter demand was encountered she took alcohol to excess and only diminished this habit at separation and final divorce. Self-adjustment with comparative freedom from alcohol followed the mother-lover relationship, but with an enormous sacrifice of family and social usefulness. Here the alcohol seemed to play an autoerotic rôle and to a slight extent an incest (Electra) and possibly a homosexual one. The obvious lesson we may draw from this case is that this woman should never have been allowed to marry. Much might have been saved to all concerned had this been fully recognized at the outset. The patient was encouraged to get a separation and divorce, but her automatic adjustment in the female attachment formed afterward was not foreseen by those medically interested. It may be interesting to speculate why even a homosexual adjustment is not quite satisfactory in this case. It is well known that perhaps every individual who is autoerotic and homosexual, overt or latent, has sooner or later some form of neurosis. It is thought that any curtailment or sidetracking of the final consummation of love in marriage and the rearing of a family, and especially the latter, is an unhealthful and unstable sublimation. The final sublimation and consummation of the love life therefore is denied the emotionally defective, and the homosexual in particular. Hence the unsatisfactory adjustment in such a termination as in this case.

CASE III is given to show a not unusual type of dipsomania engrafted upon a lifelong moderate (?) drinker. He is a middle-aged man, married, with several adolescent children. His family history was bad. His grandfather, an uncle, and a brother died alcoholic. His education was poor. He "learned what he wanted and left out the rest." He was passionately fond of all games and sports. He was a sensitive, affectionate boy. On account of his father's failure in business and early death he curtailed his plans

for a college training and entered business while in his late adolescence. In early business life he took a personal interest in several young men who were ruining themselves by drink and saved several through his personal efforts. He drank in moderation until three years ago when he began spreeing. For several years he has undergone a gradual habit disorganization, and as he has gradually broken off companionship with old friends and associates he has gone more exclusively to his club. He has allowed little household duties to lapse and is little concerned with the welfare of his business and family. Of late he has become a restless sleeper and talks and often swears in his sleep. He awakens very excited, and always seems angry with someone.

In considering the development of his emotional life, we find several crises of moment; first, he was passionately fond of sweets as a child, and even stole small sums of money to buy them. At puberty he left off sweets and continued autoerotic practices intermittently until a profound religious conversion. Soon after he signed the pledge against tobacco and alcohol, although he was then addicted to neither. He "avalanched" to these two emotional crises because all his boy friends were doing the same. He in fact had an extreme attitude of indifference to both religion and narcotics, but indulged in cigarettes and beer very soon after signing the pledge. He never engaged in any religious practices and has remained profoundly unmoved by any religious thought although he underwent three revivalistic conversions, one lasting a day or two as a sort of ecstasy, delirium or hysteria. These emotional events were always in association with other boys; the stimulus seemed to come from them rather than himself, and he was not the leader in them. Later on, alcohol was indulged in with others and rarely at the patient's initiative. He checked his desires for masturbation by extreme activity in athletics. He has spent days and months each year in engaging in the most violent athletics, and this was also used to check the growing alcoholic excursions in later life. He said, "A little exercise seems to whet my appetite for alcohol, but a lot of it reduces the desire to the minimum." Analysis of numerous junketing trips brought out the intensive life-long desire to "go away with one or two young men companions," and finally brought out a latent (?) homosexual attachment with a business associate. The two were inseparable; this man was tall and slender, not particularly given to athletics but was "like a shadow" to the patient; he was given to petty jealousies and had a slander-

ous tongue. He followed the patient to business, his club appointments, and finally, the "bitterest thing of all," he married soon after our patient's marriage; he visited the patient only once after this, although they had mutually acted as best man to each other on their wedding day.

Our patient has commuted to and from business for several years. He has a singular dislike for going home. He does not mind coming from his country home to the city every morning, where he meets several men in intimate business and social connections, but often to make the return to his family he has to fortify himself with drink. The patient was given a rationalization of the usual motives which are said to prompt alcoholic indulgences, whereupon he said, "Yes, that is what they do to me all the time. They preach to me of the horrors of it, and I am already conscience laden beyond anything they can imagine, and yet that doesn't do any good."

In an analysis of numerous emotional episodes, his memory for details was scant. Revivals, the signing of the pledge, the death of relatives and various alcoholic episodes, all of which had caused much mental perturbation at the time, were gone over with little affect. The patient was given an interpretation that in these repressed emotional crises lay the impulse to drink, inasmuch as alcohol was indulged in at the more intense moments, and never at the beginning of the rise of these emotional feelings. For several months the continued recurrence of the grossest symbolism of homosexual dreams was analyzed, yet our patient continued to take an insincere attitude,—perhaps unintentionally. For instance, he never actually declared he would take no more alcohol, yet gave the impression that this was the stand he meant to assume "in his heart"; at the same time he would inveigh by the hour if permitted to do so against the prohibition act of next July. When shown how inconsistent these two motives were he could not feel it. An analysis of the marriage adjustment shows that our patient often rushes home quite breathless with apparent concern for the family welfare and to find that his wife is at home and the children quite well, when he will immediately leave for the country club and besot himself with alcohol in company with male companions. Analysis of the engagement at the age of thirty-one shows there was difficulty in separating from the mother, and at the actual consummation of marriage two years later a great deal of the attachment and emotional support formerly exercised by the mother was

supplied by his wife, who almost immediately began to assume the few duties which the mother had entrusted to him. There has always been a sharp antagonism on the part of mother and wife toward each other. The latter frequently selects her own Christmas present as coming from him, and uses various measures to keep him attentive.

In association with the "stag" group on hunting expeditions, alcohol was indulged in for the most part in the evening, and rarely through the initiative of the patient. However, when he saw others under its influence he himself desired it so as to establish a rapport, although he was aware that it lowered considerably the mental standard of the group. He frequently drinks much more than the rest to intensify the feeling of rapport. His formulation is that in addition to leaving alcohol alone it is necessary for him to reacquire the habits of resourcefulness which for years he has allowed to deteriorate, thus regaining his lost "birthright."

It is interesting to note that here, as in many another dipsomaniac engrafted upon moderate continuous alcoholism, that the wife gives little concern for the complete reformation of her husband, as though unconsciously she is aware she really does not possess her partner's adult love. Such a lukewarm ally within the family is a serious drawback to any permanent reformation. It was not possible to fully analyze the homosexual motive to alcohol here, and attempts finally were made to force it into the open by an explanatory coup, with the result that enormous resistance succeeded, and the analysis was broken off. The patient exhibited the most extreme revulsion toward all homosexuals, latent and overt, and declared he would like to sit as judge upon such and execute them by shooting.

The case emphasizes a number of interesting points. First, that of the intensive primary identification with the mother, the probable first step in the formation of the homosexual fixation according to Burrow. Secondly, the narcissism which in sweets and self-indulgent pleasures was closely related to the steady and continuous taking of alcohol. The gradual disintegration of family and social habits of interest and pleasures and the use of alcohol in excess to renew the sense of rapport when grown burdensome to produce by healthful interests and activities. We finally have a man of middle age grown rigid in emotional life, who has lost his faculty of self-manufactured pleasure and who fails to make a real heterosexual life; his alcoholic habit stands halfway between the ability to re-

press his libido and at the same time prevents the social sublimation of his latent homosexual trends.

CASE IV is that of a middle aged man, divorced but remarried a second time about eighteen months ago. As a boy he was extremely reticent and self-depreciative. He could not adjust himself to the home discipline and to that of the father in particular. He had always been jealous of the other two children in the family, and being the eldest he thought he was held too strictly to account by the father and was entitled to more freedom. He revolted from the father's authority that he follow the family customs and business, and at the end of his college training he had a complete break from the father and family. He had already been accustomed to moderate indulgence in alcohol in his college clubs. On returning home in the early morning from athletic sports and a "rousing" time, his father berated him for his dissolute habits and neglect of business opportunities, and a severe quarrel resulted. Members of the family were aroused by the violence of their contentious epithets and the father seized a gun from the wall and was about to shoot the son. He at once left his father's home, walked several miles in a storm to a neighboring town, and never returned home again. Since that time the father and son have become reconciled to a letter correspondence, but the son has never seen his father for a score of years. He has grown up suspicious and resentful toward all his people except his mother, with whom he has always been on most affectionate terms. She has visited him several times. There is a noticeable resemblance between the mother and our patient. There has always been a deep-rooted antagonism toward anyone in authority as well as all religious beliefs. His emotional life was greatly repressed and all sexual practices at puberty were inhibited with great effort; his best means of conquering them was by indulging in extreme athletics, and he frequently walked fifteen or twenty miles at the height of such desires. On entering a new business he easily attained a position of authority, and he found that unconsciously he assumed his father's commanding air. He had many good pals among his school companions, but never had anything to do with girls. One elderly woman attachment, of the boy-teacher type, produced a deep depression for a long time after it was broken. His dipsomaniac attacks usually began with extreme physical and mental restlessness soon followed by depressions (periodic depressive type). At first he began the sprees always with men, but as the amount of drinking increased he sought abso-



lute seclusion and became a solitary drinker, growing more dejected and wretched in mind until he had insistent ideas of suicide. On recovering from these periodic sprees he became docile as a child, "dependent and fearful." He remained depressed and utterly dependent, then had a feeling of keen remorse and finally assumed an air of extra independence, cynicism and arrogance of the interparoxysmal period. He gave a fairly convincing history of being seduced by women; his two marriages have occurred by this route. He apparently has always been somewhat of a philanderer with women, and when with them behaved somewhat similarly to Case I. Drinking bouts have plainly alternated with seduction and excesses. He has assumed a paranoid infidelity attitude toward at least two women with whom he was intimate. On recovering from his alcoholic debauches he has accused both of extreme depravity with men whom he knew, but who were unknown to them. In the midst of one of these paranoid tirades he used so much physical violence in expounding his ideas that he broke off one of his front teeth. He immediately became contrite, begged for sympathy and protection from the woman and said he felt a hopeless inferiority had seized upon him. Until his physical appearance was fully restored he continued to assume the child-mother inferiority attitude. So soon, however, as the tooth was replaced he gradually returned to his former arrogant, petulant, bullying state. In a very few days he reinvoked numerous other former liaisons and soon became physically and mentally restless, complained that the libido in all such episodes remained unsatisfied and finally ended sooner or later in alcoholic sprees, first with men, then in solitary drinking, and at last ending in thoughts and half-hearted talks of suicide. On attempted analysis by free association and dreams, a homosexual and inferiority complex was fully disclosed. In the deeper analysis of certain quiet summer scenes in the country which often recall the mother-child relationship, our patient's extreme longing to return to his boyhood is disclosed. Owing to business engagements and the rather keen resistance, analysis was interrupted and was never resumed. In fact the analysis was left off owing to the prostitution history being furnished the analyst by the aggrieved parties. The drinking bouts continued less frequently. Our patient kept the analyst informed of his whereabouts, telephoned and sent him cleverly written verses and prose sketches. It was easy by analysis of these productions to see the homosexual longings. But the patient himself never kept any of his tentative appointments. The

final outcome of the case is interesting. Our patient finally remarried several months ago, and as in Case I, his wife has taken over his entire care, "as a mother might a large, over-grown boy." She is clever, resourceful, and though managing in attitude toward him they are happy and he has ceased philandering, gives keen attention to business and entire satisfaction to his directorate in charge of the large business of which he is now president. He does not drink and has no "nervous periods" whatever.

In this case we have a man whose intensive attachment to the mother again made it impossible for him to develop normally. The delayed revolt against the father in late adolescence was violent and has constituted a more or less permanent fixation of antagonism to all authority. His alcoholic indulgence seems to have begun as an alternate to onanism, became spreeing in type with the boy group and in the adult form it blocks his heterosexuality from final consummation. Whenever he spread, beginning with an intensive sexual desire for complete abandon, he joined the men group and ended in solitary drinking and final complete regression to infancy and the mother (suicide and death). It is difficult to say just what period of emotional fixation defect precipitated the alcoholic regression although the impossibility of a heterosexual consummation started it. The final retreat to the deepest unconscious regression always took place when an alcoholic spree once started.

CASE V may be given very briefly and somewhat more sketchily than the foregoing illustrations. It is chiefly interesting because it occurs in a definite periodic depressive individual. He is an unmarried man in the middle thirties and has had relatively slight attacks of retarded depressions for thirteen years. During that time he has had seven distinct attacks occurring at irregular periods. The attacks usually came on as follows: He first grew gradually quiet in manner, was disinclined to meet business and social obligations, sat about the house and worried in a mildly anxious manner. He thought he was to lose his job or that others were to be promoted above him. In a few days the real depression appeared, he lost his appetite, slept little, became indecisive about personal matters and all physical acts were slow and uncertain. At the depth of the depression alcoholism, spreeing in type, came to the fore.\* After several years of good mental health the patient returned to the

\*For minute details of the case covering the mechanism of the depression, psychoanalysis and the results, see Review of Neurology and Psychiatry, October, 1914, and Medical Record, February 4, 1918.

physician with a mild alcoholic delirium or befogged state. Following a prolonged alcoholic debauch he said, "If I had not been psychoanalyzed I could or would have had a depression and been saved from this new brand of nervousness." His verbatim account of his difficulties is as follows:

"I got along very well and kept busy with lots of work and sport (engineering and yachting) until my father's death, when I stopped drinking for a month and then began again worse than ever. While under the influence of alcohol I had a disgusting experience with a woman (buccal masturbation) in which I was the aggressor. After it I walked miles and miles, felt done up and beyond all help. I felt I was a degenerate, and the episode would come up every time I took something to drink. I began to think that the woman must have told and that all the men knew of it, too. At this time I lost the chance to get an important position which had been promised to me, and my daily work seemed dull and uninteresting. Soon after I sustained an injury to my leg which laid me up for three months, during which I neither had a job to keep me busy nor could I engage in sports. I drank harder and harder and on a vacation I fell in with a low crowd and drank to excess. Immediately on waking one afternoon after one of these debauches I thought I heard the proprietor of one of the cafés I frequented, and with whom I had been on familiar terms (the father psychically) accuse me of being a 'fairy.' In my mind I thought I answered him, asking what he meant, and then he told me I was a degenerate. This fancied statement rankled in my mind and would come up every time I drank. It gradually extended from the feeling that a few knew or thought I was a degenerate, to all my friends, and whenever I drank with them they seemed to accuse me by insinuations if not by actual words. Gradually I began to suspect that all men so soon as I became fully acquainted with them started to say or infer the same thing (degeneracy), so I decided to drink only with strangers,—I could fight them off if they looked or said anything, and retaliate by insults. Slowly all my friends began to cut me or seemed maliciously inclined toward me and I began to realize that I was going insane. I stopped alcohol entirely, and three months have now elapsed. I've gradually cleared, but I feel guilty about the whole matter and I wonder how much my brain will recover from these ideas of degeneracy. I am, however, repressing all these morbid ideas and feel I have an even chance to get over it. The past few days vague thoughts

(perversions) come up. I am frightened, but the clear ideas of sexual perversion do not come further than to frighten me, and generate a sort of uneasy panic."

Here we have an account of a patient wrestling with a sexual perversion episode with an elderly married woman which is gradually transformed to an alcoholic paranoid trend of accusations (projection or ideas of reference). The incest-fancy was plainly analyzed out in the open. Alcohol but released the deeper repressed strivings of the unconscious. Having failed in repressing his infantile strivings and being cut off from his healthful homosexual sublimations of boating, fishing expeditions, etc., he was caught and thrown back upon a lower level of his defective emotional development. He did not go to war; he is of strong Irish stock and thought he couldn't take up "England's quarrels," especially since his father had urged him to do so. His sublimation in work finally fell away and he dropped in the social scale and began drinking to excess in low dives. While partially drunk and under the promptings of a male companion he indulged in a sexual perversion which instantly reinflated the incest fancy. Thereafter under continued alcoholic indulgence he had hallucinatory projections of his conscience accusations. Friends seemingly accused him of his own repressed desire. He is, however, unable to even bear this adjustment of his conflict, although he strives to do so. Finally all men with whom he drinks "look or say things" about his degeneracy. He then cut out all associates and fortunately stopped drinking, otherwise he would have continued to regularly hallucinate. At the last his alcoholic hallucinosis gradually passed, leaving a vague sense that he had been a degenerate and had been insane. Like *Œdipus*, he believed, as the patient expressed it, that he "had committed the unpardonable act in the sight of God and man," and should be punished. Hence his friends' attitude grew the more hostile and persecutory as he drank the deeper and became the more vividly self-accused of the sexual perversion. He was plainly on the road to become an alcoholic paranoiac with an incest trend as a basic formulation. One may ask, why did he not get a retarded depression, as depressions have previously appeared in cycle and he believed one to be due at this particular time? It may perhaps be urged in explanation that the more superficial and benign reaction of depression and regression no longer availed him after psychoanalysis, and that his deeper unconscious motives paranoid in trend were uncovered as a defense against complete annihilation by suicide, the latter desire being really an incest symbol.

CASE VI is an illustration of a neurosis in which there was alcoholic impotence, the alcoholic indulgence being a substitute for the unconscious desire to become impotent. It is that of a man past middle age married only a few years who had been quite impotent for some months before coming under psychoanalytic treatment. In consequence he suffered from a neurosis. He has been moderately alcoholic for years. He began indulging in alcohol for the first time at twenty-six years of age. Until that time he had struggled unsuccessfully with his autoerotic desires and succeeded largely in suppressing the latter only when he had a proper amount of alcohol to "substitute or counterbalance" the erotic tendency. For several years after he met women, but when threatened with too much desire, autoerotic or otherwise, he "made the desire go dead" by three or four drinks of whisky. At his marriage, which was largely instigated by the woman, he had financial and other worries in the business field. Soon after he noticed a failing sexual desire and finally became impotent. He then found he had at the beginning of marriage unconsciously increased little by little the amount of alcohol taken. It went hand in hand with the growing impotence. He lost interest in his work, slept poorly, had frustrated and impotent dreams and became a complaining nervous invalid. Analysis showed that the indulgence in alcohol was used when there was an incomplete repression of the autoerotic life and that it also hindered the full sublimation of the heterosexual family life as well as a proper attainment of a social and business career. Since ceasing the use of alcohol his marriage relations are satisfactory and the social and business acumen are quite restored. In the final analysis it was interesting to note the enormously crippling influence of the mother-attachment, retarding as it did his whole emotional life and especially the prolonged narcissistic period or autoerotic cravings. It undoubtedly spoiled a brilliant career and perhaps the analytic remedy has come too late to more than partially mend the fault which is portended in the patient's own words, "I guess we'll now have to make the best of a bad job."

In conclusion one may say that excessive alcoholic indulgence is prompted by unconscious motives. These concern the emotional life and the sexual striving especially. The conscious inadequacy is due to fixations or arrests in emotional development. Alcohol thus liberates in an almost experimental manner the fundamental faults in the psychosexual evolution. That the mental content in alcoholics is so frequently a homosexual one but shows the powerful



motivation in mankind of this special phase of the psychosexual life. Many alcoholics illustrate deeper and deeper regressions as they approach profound narcosis—so that one and the same case may show homosexual, narcissistic, and primary maternal identifications as the deeper fixations are brought to the surface. Finally, some agent like alcohol is so universally used because of the common defect and imperfection of our psychosexual life and its improper or inadequate sublimation.

## THE SERPENT AS A SYMBOL

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The frequency with which the serpent is found in the hallucinations and delusions of psychotics, in the thoughts and dreams of neurotics and indeed in the dreams of normal individuals, has been recognized by all who have studied psychology and psychiatry. This is especially so from the viewpoints of and along the lines set forth by the Freudian school, which proves that the choice of such a symbol is by no means accidental, and is one that has been common throughout the ages since man rose above the animal world to which he belonged.

There is little doubt that in the beginning the symbolic use of animals was a direct utilization of the animal forms in an animistic sense, either actually or in thought, and later this use became symbolic. Gradually, the unconscious seized upon the animals as an expression of painful ideas in substituted acceptable form (1). This is shown very well in myths and fairy tales.

Studies of mythology, folk lore, fairy tales, dreams and psychopathology have proven that the symbolism of the race and of the individual are similar. In mythology, folk lore and fairy tales the symbolism is that of the unconscious of the race, and is universal in meaning. In dreams, neuroses and psychoses we deal usually with symbolism of the unconscious, and therefore its meaning is more or less universal. The more nearly it is so, the less we have to appeal to the individual for its interpretation, while the nearer we approach consciousness, the more individualistic the meaning becomes and the more necessary it is to appeal to the individual for its significance (2).

Religion offers one of the most fertile fields for the play of symbolism and here we are constantly met with the use of animals as symbols. The origins of animal symbolism are to be sought in antiquity and above all in the Ancient East, as well as in Mexico and Peru. Eastern as well as Greco-Roman literature, dependent upon it, ascribed to certain animals, whether fabulous or real, a certain connection with the life and actions of man and the gods and

made a correspondingly religious use of them. This is exemplified in the Oriental Egyptian worship of animals, and many reminiscences of this animal symbolism are found in the Old Testament. From the earliest period of Christianity fancy interpreted these animals according to the symbolism of the Old Testament and so depicted them in Christian art. Thus some are symbolic of good, *e. g.*, the lamb or sheep representing the believer, the dove the soul, the phoenix Christ or Immortality; others are symbolic of what is bad, *e. g.*, the serpent representing the devil; still others, especially in later times, are interpreted in various senses, the lion symbolizing either Christ or the devil.

The part of the serpent in religion is well known. It was esteemed as the guardian of the precious things, knowledge, holy rites, the spirits of the dead, the beneficial arts, and what not. Everywhere it was the revered dweller of temples, sacred shrines and groves. The God of life and healing, Esculapius, is usually represented as carrying a staff upon which a serpent is turned. In India today, in rural districts, serpent worship is a present fact. In the Punjab, the animal is a tutelary household divinity to which sacrifice is offered, and in the upper Ganges the Agarwalas are known by the name of snakeworshippers. In Africa it is known that in Dahomey, the earth serpent was once a great deity. In Japan, the still current animism includes the serpent as an object of prayer. In Sweden, in the sixteenth century, snakes were household deities, and in Scotland and North and South America are richest evidences of this cult.

The serpent has been given many qualities and has been worshiped because of them. By common understanding these may be grouped into five classes: wisdom (including powers of healing), guardianship and protection, paternity and transmigration, the command over fertility and hostility. As an illustration of its wisdom we need only to mention that it was associated with Athene, Apollo, Hermes; in Egypt with Kneph; in India with Siva and Buddha and Vishnu. In its capacity as a healer it was associated with Esculapius, Isis, Harpocrates, and Serapis, Rudra, and Ramahavaly. The part played by the serpent as guardian of the tree of life is too well known to need mention. In India it was regarded as the guardian of hidden treasure. The idea of the connection of the serpent with fertility is world wide. Many persons are supposed to have sprung from a serpent and a woman; Alexander was credited with serpent paternity and many Indian tribes claim ancestry from it in one of

their totems. The belief in it as a protector existed in Egypt, India, Korea, China and Japan; Scipio Africanus and Nero were believed to have been watched over by a snake. It is also regarded as hostile and malevolent by American Indians who see in it disease; Australian tribes regard it as the cause of death, etc. It is also believed by some tribes that after death the souls of the deceased pass into snakes, and for this reason many of the American Indians revere serpents as their dead ancestors (3). Erechtheus of Athens was taken from his mother, the earth, and given over to his false sisters to be cared for. These sisters at the sight of the serpent-like child threw themselves from the castle cliff. Later this God was incarnated in the temple serpent maintained in the Erechthion.

Sexuality, as we know, is generally recognized as of great importance in the causation of mental disease. The sexual impulse is common to all living beings, and, together with all the complexes connected with it, makes up a considerable part of the ego. It is at times surprising how great a part it plays in the symbolism of the mentally diseased, and this agrees well with that of dreams, fairy tales and myths.

Much objection has been raised by many regarding the sexuality of the symbols used. The objection that symbolism or the interpretation and significance ascribed to it, exists only in the phantasy of the investigator does not obtain because symbolism, and more especially the sexual, is a common possession of the human race (4). Kleinpaul (5) says: "Symbols are not made, but they are there: they are not invented, but only discovered."

One needs but recall the studies of mythology, religion and folklore to remember the part played by the serpent as a symbol. It is a classical symbol of the male, the phallus, though in many cases it has also significance for the female. In Genesis, it was a seducer of Eve. In the German and Norse legends, and also in some of those of the American Indians we again find the serpent with the same significance. Among Mexicans, the first woman's husband was a great male snake. In the wilderness, when statues were forbidden, the brazen serpent was prayed to as a source of health (fruitfulness). It plays an important rôle in the dreams of women and the significance of the symbol seems to be evident. We find in our study of mentally ill individuals, especially women, that they have been attacked by snakes which have crawled into their genitals or mouth. (Transposition from below to above) and the superstitious dread of the snake is surely dependent upon the same idea.

In myths and fairy tales it has been shown that the serpent has assumed a quite special symbolic significance, for example, a special sexual significance. We need but mention the importance of the serpent in the popular belief of the cause of the miracle of Moses. In the second book of Moses it is also mentioned as the "serpent miracle of Moses." In this miracle God makes the staff turn into a serpent, thus showing its sexual symbolic character.

In the fairy tales of "Oda and the Serpent," this animal when in bed with Oda, changed into a young prince who took Oda as his wife. In this tale the sexual symbolism is so transparent that explanation is unnecessary. The serpent here is a prince and wished-for man. However, this symbol is not accidental by any means, for in fairy tales the part almost always stands for the whole, and so the serpent is part of the man, viz, the phallus.

The serpent as a symbol for the male genitalia plays a great rôle in the myths and legends concerning supernatural generation. It is said that the mothers of Diourysos, Zagreus, Scipio Africanus, Alexander and Augustus were impregnated by a serpent (Zeus). Aelian tells of the sexual intercourse of Halice with the holy serpent in the Diana Temple in Phrygia.

The rôle of the serpent in the Jewish story of the fall of man is well known. It plays a significant rôle also in the annunciation of the Gnostic systems. In the gnosis the womb of Eve was impregnated by a bad serpent, Mary by the good. The bad creator of the world had assumed the form of a serpent to Eve in order to tempt her, but the anointed of the Logos was obliged to assume the same form in order to deceive the womb which after the first temptation opened only to the serpent, so as to affect his own rebirth as Savior in it.

This animal is also known as the god of fire, and there is a Mexican picture representing a priest producing new fire at a feast by rubbing in a circular direction on a serpent. Here it can be recalled that fire is the symbol of masculine sexuality, and even today in our conversation we speak of the fire of passion, of love.

I have recently seen two pictures of statues of Hygiea. In one of these the Goddess of Health is seen holding in one hand a serpent and in the other a bowl. In the other picture she is represented as feeding the serpent from the bowl. The symbolism of the serpent here is unmistakable as a phallus. Kempf (6) has shown that the bowl is a not uncommon symbol of the female pelvis.

In dreams and in psychopathology the phenomenon of symbol-



ism is manifested in all its richness. The unconscious is not critical; ideas come and go without direction and the faintest resemblance is enough to cause one object to symbolize another. The psycho-neuroses and psychoses have their birth in the unconscious far away from the brightness of consciousness in a region that is not in the focus of attention and where critique is in abeyance. For this reason we find that resemblances are taken at face value and result in symbolism (2).

In the dementia præcox group, which represents the commonest form of mental disease, we find our patients unable to adapt themselves to reality and tending to construct an inner world of phantasy to which they surrender external reality. They regress further and further in the path along which the libido advanced until the world in which they live is entirely phantastic. Here the attention is markedly diminished and thinking is of a lower form which causes shallow reaction types. When an individual has his full attention and can compare and discriminate he seldom forms any remote analogies. On the other hand, when these factors are diminished or absent symbolic representation is used. Dementia præcox is therefore manifested to a great extent in symbolic thinking.

As sexuality forms one of the strongest impulses we possess it has been subjected to constant suppression and for that reason we find it so frequently symbolized in the unconscious.

In a dream quoted by White the patient dreamed that she was standing on the edge of a precipice; a man came along and pushed her off. At the base of the cliff was a mass of writhing serpents; just as she was about to fall among them she screamed and awoke. Analysis showed that standing on the cliff represented symbolically a social and moral danger, the man who pushed her off was her lover and the falling down represented a moral fall. The serpent for her represented sin and recalled the sin in the Garden of Eden (4).

In his analysis of a case of paranoid dementia, Jung (7), dwelling upon the sexual complex, quotes his patient, "While I was once affirmed in my dream one thousand millions, a green little snake came as far as my mouth,—it had the loveliest sense, just as if it wanted to kiss me." (At the phrase, "a green little snake" patient manifested vivid symptoms of affect such as blushing and timid laughing.) In elaboration he says: "The word 'kiss' which produced a vivid affect in the patient gives to the analogy an unmis-

takable sexual tinge. If a real plastic representation is made of the process how the snake creeps to the mouth to kiss it, one will inevitable be struck by the symbol of coitus. According to the mechanisms of Freud, the transposition from below to above, this localization and interpretation of the act of coitus is a preferred one."

"Mouth can be understood as a sexual symbol if one assumes 'transposition from below to above.' (Snake with reason is not at all remarkable when it is used as a symbol to represent a man.)"

One of my patients was very confused for a long period following his admission to the hospital. Later as he improved it was possible to discuss the difficulties with him to some extent. After some time he made a positive transfer to his physician and began telling of his troubles. One morning he was in a homosexual panic and badly confused and frightened. He went about the ward shunning other patients and muttering to himself. He said, "They have switched the keys on me here. It looks to me in this moving picture thing (his name for the medium which he believed caused his hallucinations) that someone is putting up a job on me. There is a lot of poisoning going on in the United States. The snakes have made greater discoveries on us than the doctors. Snakes understand us better than we do them. They have a great idea of business. Snakes keep their forbidden fruit better than any one else. Forbidden fruit is a poison for edible purposes. I am poisoned by forbidden fruit. There are many snakes here on B-4, rattlers. I see their poison, it looks like semen, they give me snake poison semen here. They want to land us all in the forbidden fruit country. Miss N—, the nurse here, has been poisoned. She was dead and was captured by snakes and brought back to life. Why did you poison me? The snake poison comes from the body through the penis. I think snake poison would give me life. These are white. They had a sterilized solution of semen from me. Snake poison brings them back to life."

This patient was very homosexual and erotic. His disease so removed him into the world of phantasy that his thinking was symbolic to a great extent. His education was rather limited and he knew little of mythology, yet he made use of symbols used by primitive man. He gave the serpent superhuman power and the ability to create life. He was impotent as far as physical sexual ability was concerned, therefore he thought that "snake poison" would give him life. He also symbolically expressed his tendencies to oral perversions.

During his recital he experienced burning pains and electrical sensations throughout his body and there can be no doubt regarding the origin of these for we know that such feelings are probably always sexual.

Another patient who was homosexual and oral- and anal-erotic refused nourishment for so long a period that it was necessary to feed him. As the feeding tube was passed the patient became very frightened, screamed and fought and declared the feeding tube to be a red snake. Later when he improved he told with much affect of his oral erotic practices with men. He explained the symbol himself declaring that the snake with its "ability to spit" reminded him of the male organ.

In this connection it may be stated that the feeding tube which in the above instance was called a snake is often used by patients as a symbol for penis, for female patients declare after forcible feeding that they have been violated by the physician. This is readily understood if we bear in mind that the mouth is often used as a preferred symbol for the vagina.

The dreams for one of my patients, who is an ignorant old colored woman, and who had no knowledge of the part played by the serpent in mythology and folk-lore, were frequently about snakes. They approach her and whisper in her ear, telling her various things that are about to occur. She said "Snakes are all wise and know everything. They can make a woman pregnant and tell you doctors how many months a woman is along." How much this serpent resembles that in the myths of the fall which represents the purified version of the impregnation myth.

One woman who was constantly in communication with the Holy Ghost, and who at times believed herself to be the Virgin Mary, hallucinated that she saw geese flying silently above her head. These geese changed into serpents which talked to her. The voices went through her ears into her head and made a pain as if something were boring a hole in the top of her skull. The patient also stated that she had within her abdomen a serpent which frequently rose into her throat and bit her. Birds on account of their long neck and tapering head with its ability to be extended are often symbols for the phallus and in the Annunciation of the Virgin Mary a dove is thus chosen. Jones (8) says: "The neck of the bird which resembles that of reptiles and develops snakelike into a head; the pointed arrow-like bill and its ability to suddenly extend itself forward, these all are features which unavoidably remind us

of a snake and explain why this part of the bird is so easily looked upon as a phallic symbol." Breath may often be used symbolically for the living germ. In Genesis 11-7 we find, "and the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils with the breath of life and man became a living soul." Mythology is redundant with examples of breathing used as an impregnation symbol.

A patient who had attempted to choke her daughter because she believed the daughter to be pregnant and full of snakes, stated that she believed snakes could impregnate a woman. She believed at times that her daughter had inside of her two ducks with their heads crossed. The patient was quite inaccessible, but I believe we are justified in assuming the phallic symbolism of the serpents.

A patient once became very excited and when approached went into a panic and fought as if for his life. When he became quiet enough for an interview he apologized for his conduct saying that "he was frightened to death." The cause of his fright was his hallucination for several nights that his room was full of snakes. One of those had its head several inches in the air. Its mouth was open, it made a hissing noise (breath) and jumped at him, biting him in the breast. Whenever this hallucination occurred, and it was always at night, he became excited and shouted. It was learned that on the day preceding this excitement he had observed two other patients in homosexual acts. He was afraid that some one would attempt such acts upon him, and as his difficulty was caused by repressed complexes of a homosexual nature his intense excitement and apprehension ensued. There is only one interpretation of the symbol used.

Among oral erotic patients, being bitten by a snake on the face or lip or tongue is a very common idea. Usually it is complained of though at times it is told with decided sexual mimic as though it were more or less pleasant. I recall one patient who, while lying in bed, felt a snake crawl up beside him, bite him on the lip and inject "poison" into his mouth. He related the experience on the morning following its occurrence, accompanying his recital with the statement that "it did not hurt."

One of our patients, a fairly well educated woman, who had a marked father fixation, developed a psychosis. In her illness, her thoughts were mostly concerned with the creation of life. She wrote constantly using neologisms and signs to express her thoughts. Her drawings which were far above the average were mostly of

sexual subjects. Among other things she told me, "The snake belongs to the sign Leo—the intestines. The snake is evil and dangerous and the seed of serpents should be destroyed. The urine of certain people should be destroyed. Leo goes back to Leo-Allah, the Mohammedan God. Allah represents the intestines. Alla being man is the father—the active principle. Where there are men there are women—the passive principle. The Allah people of India are composed of two principles and the androgyne balance sometimes called Jubanduip and The Staff of Mercury—caduceus—represents serpents, breath and digestion (as it passes through the stomach), etc. . . . It represents everything that keeps life in existence. The serpent represents torsion which produces right angle motion (coitus). When Eve saw the serpent—women will show it—they begin to gad about nights and lose their innocent cleanness. The serpent with his tail in his mouth represents the zodiacal circle—eternity." On another occasion she informed me that "the hooded cobra, sacred to Brahma has an erectile muscle which symbolizes the man potency." Again, "Snakes are used for 'packing' barren women who lend themselves to the belief that humanity is not a divine creation but is oozed from the testicles like the secondary animals." The symbolism here used needs no interpretation.

A colored patient frequently hallucinated that she saw a black snake which came through the floor of her room at night. This frequently talked "just like the voice of a man." It often turned into a rod-like piece of stick or a fire prong from the end of which came fire. She stated that this was evil, set her on fire, had a head which he put in her navel to split it to pieces, to eat her intestines and "go right into" her tubes. Here again the interpretation is unmistakable.

The identification of the snake with the devil is as old as man and still common. A boy, who had the delusion that other patients were persecuting him because he was so pure and good (a defense reaction against his homosexuality), often saw a snake or the devil following him about the ward. This snake and devil he called B— (a virile muscular young man) who the patient said was going to burn or murder him.

We know that each individual shows reactions in the psychic field that are repeated in phylogenetic development and that man in his dreams and psychopathies makes use of the same mechanism and symbolism as are used in myths and fairy tales. The sexual or species preservation impulse being stronger than any other im-



pulse which controls the human race, it is therefore not surprising that it is so frequently found to be symbolized in the ideas of people suffering from mental disease, and that the serpent, one of the classical phallic symbols, should be so often used.

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SOME PRACTICAL REMARKS UPON THE USE OF  
MODIFIED PSYCHOANALYSIS IN THE TREAT-  
MENT OF BORDERLAND NEUROSES  
AND PSYCHOSES<sup>1</sup>

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I think very few physicians have seriously used psychoanalytic methods in treating the essential neuroses without sooner or later making an attempt to employ the same method in the borderland neuroses and psychoses, with varying results. Some seven years ago I undertook to treat my first series of periodic depressions by psychoanalytic methods, and in spite of the great difficulty of using such a method, I achieved considerable success then as well as later. At another time I shall report in detail some of the case material, but at present it is my purpose only to comment in a more or less desultory manner upon my experience in this and kindred fields not ordinarily classed as belonging to the analytic type of psycho-neuroses.

Including my second series now under study and treatment, the number of manic-depressive cases amounts to seven. In all I found it of greatest advantage to go carefully over the conscious and fore-conscious settings of the patient's difficulties, especially those which seemed to act as precipitating causes to their periodic depressions. Then, and not until then, did I take up a strictly psychoanalytic approach. I soon found that the dream productions of such patients were for the most part engrossed in quite adult settings and were not even so latently obviously sexual in interpretation as in the essential neuroses. I further found that analysis in the depressive cases could not be pushed to a finality so rapidly or completely as in the hysteric neuroses and that one had, as it were, to distil the psychoanalytic interpretation of the dream productions for the patient and ask the patient to analyze further memories of actual experiences in accord with the analytic trends disclosed. I made

<sup>1</sup> Read before the American Psychoanalytic Association, Boston, May 23, 1917.

more rapid and satisfactory progress by this method than any other, at least until far along in the treatment when the analytic screen was often not necessary. What seemed to be demanded most to help these periodic depressants was a more or less common-sense reformulation of their attitudes toward their life problems as embraced in the marriage situation or toward the various types of sublimation or substitution for those not married. A psychoanalytic understanding of the emotional life of the patient always helped me greatly in this work. I was always surprised in the analysis of these patients to find how weak were their innate trends of what we call grit, courage, and perseverance. All these assets were quite infantile, as one might expect. Their hold upon any large fundamental plan of basic contact with the realities of life about them was also very weak and uncertain. In brief, the use of the psychoanalytic knowledge in regard to the emotional mechanism operative in the periodic depressants has been of greatest value in treating these cases after the conscious and foreconscious life has been thoroughly investigated.

I have also employed psychoanalysis in the treatment of the final states revealed in the ordinary analysis of mental torticollitics. As has been shown, the mental torticollitics are individuals possessing an emotional life intensively infantile, more so than that found in the compulsion neuroses, and whose essential intellectual endowment is much inferior to the latter. Here, too, the essential weakness of the primary instincts was so great that many of the patients were reduced to a state of impotence by the inversion required in psychoanalysis. Only when one actually assisted such patients to assume a new attitude toward life and helped them to lay down developmental principles for a new process of acquiring adulthood did satisfactory therapeutic results obtain.

In the third field of irregular practice of psychoanalysis, that of treating some six or seven cases of dementia præcox by this method, I may say that the mental deterioration process of dementia præcox is usually too far advanced at the time such patients apply for treatment for one to more than use psychoanalytic teachings in helping these patients to adjust their lives. I think any attempt at pure psychoanalysis of such cases invariably does harm. It has a tendency to take away the crutches of formulations these patients have made by which they can get on with the realities of their existence. They are then reduced to actual impotence. I believe we may use our psychoanalytic interpretations of the

patient's difficulties, but under no circumstances should we really attempt to require the patient himself to get that insight or attempt to act upon it as such. In other words, dementia præcox should not be analyzed, but by a method of *conscious* suggestive therapeutics and rationalization the præcox individual may be helped to an adolescent sublimation of work and recreation short of the adult demands of emotional maturity.

In conclusion I venture to say that if one employs psychoanalysis or psychoanalytic methods in the borderline neuroses and psychoses it ought to be used with the greatest of care, but may be employed freely by the physician to enlighten his own mind upon the exact problems he really has to help the patient to meet and thus make clearer the principles of wise guidance the physician wishes to consciously arrange for his patient's betterment or cure.

## TRANSLATION

### SLEEP WALKING AND MOON WALKING<sup>1</sup>

#### A MEDICO-LITERARY STUDY

BY DR. J. SADGER

VIENNA

TRANSLATED BY LOUISE BRINK

*(Continued from page 193)*

"I was ill once, about the same time, with influenza, and continually repeated in my feverish phantasies that they should take down some one who was hanged and not punish him; he could not help it. There was moonlight at that time and moreover a light burned in the room. I took this for the moon, which I could not see but wanted to see. I strove only all the time to see the moon. The windows must be closed because I was afraid, but the blinds must remain open so that I could see the moon. Some one roused me then from my phantasies and there I saw that my cousin sat near me. He was not however the one hanged, it was some one who was first dragged out by another man, a warden in the prison. The face of the one who was hanging I did not see, only his body."—"Of whom did he remind you?"—"I do not know definitely and yet it was the cousin who sat near me. And as I awoke, apparently I called his name for he answered me, 'Yes, here I am!'—"What about the warden of the prison?"—"A man is first locked up before he is hanged."—"Do you see also in phantasy something that hangs down?"—"Yes; when with my cousin I always had the desire to see his membrum stiff, as it could be felt and noticed outlined through his clothing." I will add likewise that behind the cousin and her sexual wishes toward him analogous phantasies toward the father were hidden. That which hangs down (*pendens*, penis) is also the phallus. Her adjuration that the hanged person should not be punished, he could not help it, is a demand for mercy for sexual sins (see also later).

"Upon the wedding journey my husband did not want to sleep by the open blinds, and I wanted to sleep nowhere else so that the



moon could shine upon me. I could never sleep otherwise, was very restless and it was always as if I wanted to creep into the moon. I wanted, so to speak, to creep into the moon out of sight.<sup>15</sup> Recently I was out in the country with my sister and slept by the open blinds. The light from the heavens, to be sure not the moonlight, forced its way in and I had the feeling as if something pierced me,<sup>16</sup> in fact it pierced me somehow in the small of my back, and I arose with my eyes closed and changed the position of the bed, upon which I slept well. I knew nothing of it that I had arisen, but something must have happened because I now could lie comfortably.

"Something else still. About two years ago I observed the moon in the country, as it was reflected in the water, and I could not tear myself from this spectacle until I was suddenly awakened by my husband and cried out. Five or six years ago I went out in a boat upon the Wolfgang lake. The moon was reflected in the water and I sat there very still. Suddenly my brother, the one who is well, with whom I do not have much to do, asked, 'What are you thinking of?'—'Nothing at all.'—'It must be something.'—'No, nothing!' As we climbed out, I was still quite absent minded. Also at night I always had the moon before me and spoke with it."—"Consciously or in a dream?"—"I believe I was more asleep than awake. For if any one had come upon me then I should have felt it very painfully. I have incidentally noted the words: 'Oh moon with thy white face, thou knowest I am in love only with thee. Come down to me. I languish in torture, let me only comfort myself upon thy face. Thou enticing, beautiful, lovely spirit, thou torturest me to death, my suffering rends me, thou beautiful Moon, thou sweet one, mine, I implore thee, release me from this pain, I can bear it no longer. Ah, what avail my words and my complainings! Be thou my happiness, take me with thee, *only pleasure of the senses do I desire for myself*. Thou Moon, most beautiful and best, *save me, take my maidenhood, I am not evil to thee*. Draw me mightily to thyself, do not leave off, thy kisses have been so good to me.'" As may be seen, she loved the moon like a lover to whom she would yield herself entirely. The grossly sexual relationship is evident. It is after this fragment doubly regrettable that a penetrating psychoanalysis was not here possible.

The early sexual content of the moon desire and its connection with the parent complex is shown by her further statement: "Last

<sup>15</sup> Phantasy of the mother's body? The moon's disk = the woman's body?

<sup>16</sup> A clear coitus phantasy.

summer in the country I had only my mother-in-law with whom I could talk. It was the time of the new moon and I could not bear complete darkness in my room. It was frightfully lonely to me thus and I could not sleep. I had the idea that in the lonely darkness someone was coming to me and I was afraid."

It soon came to light that she and her sister in their early childhood and again between the ages of eight and thirteen shared the parents' sleeping room and had repeatedly spied upon their sexual intercourse. Her present fear is also evidently the wish to put herself in the mother's place, to whom the father comes. She recalls yet one more episode: "When I was nine or ten years old, the healthy brother was ill with typhoid and the parents were up nights on his account. We sisters were sent to stay elsewhere, where we had opportunity to play with a boy who carried on a number of sexual things with us. I then dreamed of him at night and phantasied the sexual things which I had done with him in the daytime. Apparently I had also at that time played underneath with my genitals. At the same time, while my brother had typhoid, I was unwilling to go to sleep and could not, because I could have no rest while by brother was ill." It is clear without further discussion to one who understands these things that it was not anxiety for the brother but secret, yet insistent sexual wishes which caused the sleeplessness. It is finally significant that, when later she dreamed of a burglar, he always came after her with a knife, or choked her, as her cousin and mother had often done to her.

As we consider this third case of moon affectivity we find again however familiar phenomena, connections with early sexual dreams and the parent complex. Especially noteworthy is further her direct falling in love with the moon, to which she addresses her adoration in verses and to which she even offers her virginity. It is as if she saw in it a man, who should free her from her sexual need. One is reminded how in the first case, the one cured by psychoanalysis, the four-year-old girl sought continually the moon's face on the ground of a students' song. It could not, we regret to say, be ascertained, in the absence of a psychoanalysis, whether in this case the heavenly body represented to the moon walker some definite person or not.

CASE 6.—I add here three autobiographical reports, which I have gathered from the literature. The first originates with the famous anatomist and physiologist Karl Friedrich Burdach, who from his tenth to his thirtieth year had occasional attacks of moon

walking, although he apparently "enjoyed the most perfect health." "I have during these periods," he himself relates, "undertaken actions which I had to recognize as mine, merely because they could have been carried out by no one else. Thus one day it was incomprehensible to me why I had on no shirt when I awoke, and it remained so in spite of my utmost efforts to recollect myself, until the shirt was found in another room rolled together under a press. In my twenty-ninth year I was awakened from a night wandering by the question, What did I want? and then the consciousness of the somnambulistic state passed over in part to the awaking. First I found the question strange, but since I thought the reason for it would become plain, I need not betray it. Immediately, however, as I began to waken, I asked myself in what that consisted and, now that the somnambulistic state was over, the answer must be due me."

One cannot help finding this self revelation exceedingly interesting. The hiding of the shirt, although the affair is so incompletely reported, especially in its motivation, points unmistakably at least to exhibitionism. The second sleep walking appears much more difficult of explanation. In this Burdach sought plainly a definite goal, which seemed so clear and transparent to him that he could not at all understand why anyone should question him about it. If we consider that his first thought on waking was that he need not betray this purpose, that moreover there enters at once a repression and causes him completely to forget it, there remains then no other possibility than that we have to do with a strongly forbidden wish, which the conscious censor will not allow to pass. It is easy to conceive a sexual motivation in this second instance if we remember that in the first sleep walking something sexual surely took place.

Still more probable is the strongly forbidden sexual goal, if we take into consideration the circumstances of his life. In his autobiography "*Rückblick auf mein Leben*" Burdach tells us how extraordinarily his mother depended upon him. "Having already lost four children in their first year, she had longed to bear another child and especially since the setting in of the illness of my father had compelled her to think of losing him, she had wished for a son as a sure object for her love-thirsty heart. Her wish was fulfilled when she bore me." Eleven months later the father died, leaving his wife and his little son not yet a year old unprovided for. Nevertheless she, the widow, rejected the proposal to return to her parents' home and preferred rather "trouble, need and a thousand cares

upon herself in order that I might be better educated; for I was the object of her deepest love. About nine o'clock in the evening she went with me to bed and twined her arm about me; in the morning she stole from my side and permitted me an hour or two more of rest (p. 14).

"Women had a particular influence upon me; but it was also natural to me to attach myself to them. As my mother related, I never as a child went for a ride on my hobby horse without having at parting and on my return kissed my hand to my lady represented by a doll" (p. 24). It is superfluous to add that this lady was no other than his mother. Also the following passage I think is significant: "I was by nature endowed with as great a sensitiveness to womanly charm as to womanly dignity and this inclination to the other sex grounded in my psychical constitution was nurtured by circumstances from my earliest youth on. I could but recognize very soon the high intellectual and moral quality of my good mother, who in her struggle with poverty kept herself fresh and free from vulgarity and shunned no sacrifice for me. Likewise the matrons to whose well wishing I owe my gratitude, inspired me with high respect for their character. In my former nurse there seemed to me a pattern of tireless and sagacious activity of a high order and breeding. . . . Thus a high respect for true womanhood was implanted in me. On the other hand I was as a boy made so accustomed to this rôle by several young women, who entertained themselves with me and considered me as their lover to while away their time, that I later retained the inclination to play this part and considered a friendly advance as an invitation which I in turn held as a sacred claim of honor and an agreeable duty" (pp. 69 ff.).

When later the mother took a young widow into lodgings, the young man, then twenty-one years old, had "the exalted feeling of being her protector. Then it was all up with my heart" (p. 71). The death of the dearest one to him on earth, his mother, followed close upon this and brought an end to it. "I became convinced that happiness would be found for me only where I shared it with another being, and that I could be satisfied only by a relationship similar to that in which I had stood toward my mother; an inner bond where only a single mutual interest controlled, where one soul found its happiness only in the other. Without such an absolute love, penetrating the whole being, life seemed to me worthless and stale. My mother, whose unbounded love I had enjoyed, was torn from me; my excellent uncle, heartily devoted to me, I saw in the enjoy-

ment of his own family happiness. And an unconquerable desire for the same happiness tortured me as I felt my utter loneliness" (p. 79). So he concluded to marry although he had only limited prospects for supporting a family.

"The first intimation that my wife was pregnant filled me with delight. I took it for granted that Heaven would send me a daughter. With my idea of the value of woman all my wishes tended thither, to possess a daughter and to be able to watch over her while she unfolded to a noble womanhood. She should have my mother for her pattern and therefore also be named Caroline after her.<sup>16a</sup> I spoke so confidently, after I had left Vienna, of 'our daughter Caroline' in my letters to my wife that she was finally quite concerned and sought to prepare me for the birth of a son. I had not however made a mistake and my confidence was in the end justified" (pp. 83 ff.). His wife was confined at some distance from him and then as soon as possible journeyed to him with the little one. He relates as follows: "I went in Borsdorf with a beating heart to the carriage which brought her to me, kissed her hastily, took my child out of her arms and carried it hastily into the inn, laid it upon the table, loosed the bindings which bound it to its tiny bed and was lost in happy contemplation of the beautifully formed, lovely, vigorous and lively little girl and then first threw myself into the arms of my wife, who in her mother's pride and joy was feasting her eyes upon us, and then I had again to observe the lovely child. What cared I for mankind! What cared I for the whole world! I was more than happy" (pp. 85 ff.).

The manner also in which he brought up his child is highly significant: "Our hearts clung mostly to our daughter. . . . I enjoyed the pleasure of possessing her with full consciousness of her worth, gazed upon her with rapture and was delighted when I observed in her a new trait of beautiful womanly character. She recognized by my serious treatment of her the entire depth of my love, repaid it with inner devotion and challenged it with merry playfulness. From her first year I delighted to lift her from her bed in the morning and even when she was eight years old she often got up of herself, knocked on the window of the alcove door leading into my work room and whisked back to her bed, so that when I

<sup>16a</sup> Cf. Barrie: "Dear Brutus," Act. II.: for the dream daughter, who fears the name of the author's mother; also "Margaret Ogilvy." The dream daughter's apostrophe to the moon is also interesting in connection with the present study. Tr.



came she could throw herself with hearty laughter into my arms and let me take her up. Or she slipped behind my chair and climbed up behind my back, while I was deep in my work, so that she could fall triumphantly upon my neck.

"I must refrain from mentioning more of her winsome childhood. She was the most beautiful ornament of my life and in the possession of her I felt myself, in spite of all pecuniary need, immeasurably happy." It will not surprise any one with knowledge of these things that a child so insatiable for love should become hysterical. "Her sensitiveness was unnaturally exaggerated," also she was seized once with a hysterical convulsion, as Burdach relates. She died young and "the flower of my life was past. The fairest, purest joy was extinguished for me. I had wished her for myself and Heaven had heard me. Finding in her the fulfilment of my warmest wishes, I had never thought it would be possible that I should outlive this daughter. Nevertheless I bore the pain . . . confident of being reunited with her. . . . For thirty years scarcely a day has passed on which I have not at least once thought in my inmost soul of my Caroline" (pp. 142-147).

I will cite in conclusion still one more fragment of self characterization: "A chief trait in my character was the need for love, not that everyday love which limits itself to a personal pleasure and delight, but that unbounded, overflowing love which feels itself completely one with the beloved. . . . The ideal of marriage was before me in youth, for this need for love has been mine all my life. . . . I remember as a student having written in my diary that I would rather forego life itself than the happiness of family life" (pp. 53 ff.).

The center of this interesting life is Burdach's deep oneness with his mother. She on her part took him from the beginning unconsciously as a sexual object, as a substitute for her husband, who was failing in health and soon after died. She lay in bed near her little one, her arm twined about his body and slept with him until morning. No wonder that the boy was so sensitive to womanly charm and likewise that later different women looked upon him as their lover. The thought early established itself with Burdach that only such a relationship could satisfy him as that in which he had stood toward his mother. And as he stood for the father it seemed to him a certain fact that now a little girl should come to be the surrogate for his mother. Noteworthy also is his attitude toward the mother who had just been confined and the child. The former is to

him almost incidental, while in the contemplation of his child, in whom he secures his mother again, he can scarcely get his fill, and he overwhelms her later with such passionate love as he had once obtained from his mother. When the girl was torn from him, he was consoled only by the thought of being united again with her in heaven.

We may see finally in the fond play in bed with his daughter a repetition of that which he carried on with his mother, and we may remember also that as a child he always slept with his mother. From all this it seems to me a light falls upon the unexplained purpose of Burdach's sleep walking. If this seems completely clear to him but so objectionable that he not only concludes to keep it secret, but, more than that, forgets it on the spot, then the probability is, that he desired that night to climb into bed with his beloved mother.

CASE 7. A second autobiographical account of repeated sleep walking I find in the "Buch der Kindheit," the first volume of Ludwig Ganghofer's "Lebenslauf eines Optimisten." When the boy had to go away to school his mother gave him four balls of yarn to take with him, so that he might mend his own clothing and underwear. She had hidden a gulden deep within each ball, a proof of mother love, which he later discovered. In the course of time while at the school the impulses of puberty began to stir in him and pressed upon him so strongly at first that frequent pollutions occurred. He thought he must surely be ill, until finally a colleague explained to him that this was on the contrary a special sign of health. This calmed him and now he could sleep splendidly.

"One night I awoke suddenly as if roused by a burning heat. I experienced a horrible suffering and believed I felt a hand on my body. I cried out and pushed with my feet, and as I lay there in a half consciousness it was as if many of my dormitory companions were awake and I heard them ask, 'What is it? Who has called out this way?' A voice, 'Some one has been dreaming!' And another voice, 'Silence in the dormitory!' And all was gone from me as if under a heavy veil. Once again quiet. Am I asleep or am I awake? A wild beating in the arteries of my neck, a roaring in my ears. Yet in the dormitory all is quiet. The lamp is burning, I see the white beds. I see the copper of the washstand glimmer like red gold. Must I have dreamed—an oppressive, frightful dream? Drops of sweat stood out on my forehead. Then came a heavy sleep. What was this? I rarely had days of depression or restless,

disturbed nights. And yet in these weeks I entered upon this uncomfortable experience.

"One night I awoke. Darkness was round about me. And I was cold. And I saw no lamp, no bed, no shining copper. Was this also a dream? Yet my hands felt plainly the hard wood in front of me. Slowly I recognized a number of vaguely outlined squares, the great windows. Clad only in my shirt, I sat in the study room before my desk. Such a horror fell upon me as I cannot describe. I ran wildly up the stairs, threw myself into my bed and shook. Another night I awoke. Darkness was about me. Again I was cold. And I believed that I was again sitting at my desk. No; I was standing. My hands however felt no wood, my eyes found not the gray windows. As I moved, my head struck against something hard. I became aware of a feeble light shining. As I went towards it, I came from some dark room upon the dimly lighted stair landing.

"I awoke again in the night. I was cold. A semi-darkness was about me and over me many stars twinkled. I sat upon the shingle roof of the bowling alley. It was not a far leap to the ground below. But the pebble stones of the seminary garden pricked my bare feet. Moreover, when I wanted to get into the house, I found the gate closed. My God! how had I then come out? Somewhere I found an open window and climbed into the house and noiselessly up to the dormitory. The window near my bed stood open—and there outside, I believe, was a lightning rod.

"All day I racked my brains to find a way to escape from the fear of this dreadful thing. I dared not confide in anyone, for fear of the ridicule of the others, for fear—I never knew just what I feared. In the evening I took one of Mother's balls of yarn to bed with me, bound two double strands about my wrists and tied the ends around the knobs of the bedstead. In the night, as I was about to wander again, I felt the pull of Mother's threads and awoke. It never came again. I was cured."

This appears at the first glance a non-sexual wandering. This is only however in its first appearance, although it is to be regretted that the full explanation can scarcely be given in the absence of any analysis. It is first to be noted that sleep walking sets in at puberty and is ushered in by anxiety dreams, pollutions and various anxiety equivalents. The hammering in the arteries, the roaring in the ears, the restless, disturbed nights, as well as the unusually disturbed days, we know these all as manifestations of an unsatisfied libido. The first "frightful" anxiety dream seems to lead deeper, as well

as the "horrible suffering" started by a hand, which he felt upon his body. Must not this hand, which causes this "horrible suffering" to the youth who had never yet known trouble, have touched his genitals?<sup>17</sup> Behind this perhaps, moreover, are very early memories of the care bestowed upon the nursing infant and the child.

The terror which fell upon him every time that he walked in his sleep is worthy of note, for he was not otherwise easily frightened. "A terror which I could not describe," "fear of that dreadful thing" and fear not merely of the ridicule of his fellows but of something, what, he never knew, which is a far more violent reaction than we have been accustomed to find with sleep walkers. This excessive reaction may be very well understood, however, if behind it a particularly unacceptable sexual factor hides itself. Finally the cure by means of the mother's balls of yarn, homely proof of her love, doubtless has to do with the erotic. It must be admitted to be sure that we have to confine ourselves to mere conjectures. Only one may well maintain that even an apparently non-sexual case soon reveals its sexual grounding. Moreover, a strong muscle erotic is demonstrated further throughout Ganghofer's autobiography.

CASE 8. I will now especially for the subject of moon walking cite an author who shows a very unusual preference for this heavenly body. In many a description and many of the speeches which he has put into the mouths of his heroes, has Ludwig Tieck, who also has sung of the "moon-lustered magic night," given artistic expression to this quite remarkable love mania—this is the correct designation for it. Ricarda Huch in her "Blütezeit der Romantik" makes the striking statement that from this poet's figures one must "tear away the labels stuck upon them and name them altogether Ludwig Tieck, for in truth they are only refractions of this one beam." One may hear for example how Sternbald felt: "The orb of the moon stood exactly opposite the window of his room." He watched it with longing eyes, he sought upon the shining disk and in the spots upon it mountains and forests, wonderful castles and enchanted flowers and fragrant trees. He believed that he saw lakes with shining swans which were drawing boats, a skiff which carried him and his beloved, while about them charming mermaids blew upon their twisted conchs and stretched their arms filled with water lilies over into the bark.

<sup>17</sup> One may also think of the fear of castration, associated with the threats of parents so very frequently made when the children practice masturbation.

"Ah, there, there!" he would call out, "is perchance the home of all desire, all wishes; therefore there falls upon us so sweet a melancholy, so soft a charm, when that still light, full and golden floats upon the heavens and pours down its silver light upon us. Yes, it awaits us and prepares for us our happiness, and for this reason its sorrowful look toward us, that we must still remain in this earthly twilight." The similarity here with the phantasies of the psychoanalytic patient at the beginning is indeed unmistakable.

Yet one or two extracts from the novel "*Der Mondsüchtige*,"<sup>18</sup> the title of which is misleading since it in no way treats of one afflicted with lunacy but of a veritable moon lover, presumably our poet himself. There the nephew, Ludwig Licht(!), writes to his uncle: "It is now three months since I had a very serious quarrel with my friend, a quarrel which almost separated us, for he mocked at an entire world which is to me so immeasurably precious. In a word, he leered at the moon and would not admit that the magic light with which it shines was anything beautiful or exalting. From Ossian to Siegwart he reviled a susceptibility toward the moon although the poets express it, and he almost had declared in plain words that if there were a hell, it certainly would be located in the moon. At any rate he thought that the entire sphere of the moon consists of burned out craters, water could not be found upon it, and hardly any plant life, and the wan, unwholesome reflection of a borrowed light would bring us sickness, madness, ruin of fruits and grains, and he who is already foolish will without doubt behave himself worst at the time of full moon. . . . What concern is it of mine what the astronomers have discovered in the moon or what they will yet discover? . . . It may be ludicrous and vexatious to devote oneself exclusively and unreservedly to this or that, any observation, any favorite object. Upon my earlier wanderings I met a rich Englishman who traveled only to waterfalls and battlefields. Ridiculously enough, though I have not journeyed only in the moonlight, yet I have from my earliest youth forever taken note of the influence of its light, have never in any region missed the light of the full moon and I dream of being, not quite an Endymion, but yet a favorite of the moon. When it returns, its orb little by little growing full, I cannot suppress a feeling of longing while I gaze upon it, whether in meadow and woodland, on the mountains or in the city itself and in my own room."

And the uncle answers him: "It is true, you are moon sick,

<sup>18</sup> Literally, "Moonsick." [Tr.]



as we have always called you, and to such a one much must be forgiven which would have to be reckoned differently to a well man. I have myself however always inclined to this disease." In fact the entire action, loving and losing, the development and solution of the plot, takes place almost exclusively under the light of the moon. At the conclusion, when the hero finds the beloved given up for lost, he cannot refrain from the outcry: "Yes, the moonlight has given her and led her to me, he, the moon has so rewarded me, his true friend and inspired panegyrist!" I regret that I find nothing in the biographies which would explain Tieck's exquisite amorousness toward the moon.

## PART II. LITERARY SECTION

It is my purpose to bring also our beautiful literature to the solution of the exceedingly difficult and obscure problem of sleep walking and moon walking. Our poets, for all our psychiatrists and psychologists, possess the finest knowledge of the psyche and during the centuries before science was able to throw light upon the puzzles of the mind, they solved them prophetically with discerning spirit. Thus they knew how to bring to light various elements of our problem. Their creations directed to that end arose from their own inner nature, through analogy, or because sleep walking was not foreign to them themselves. And even if neither were the case, they still had the ability of those who have a real true knowledge of men, quite intuitively to see clearly into the unconscious of others. We will come to know what profound interest many of the great poets, like Otto Ludwig and Heinrich von Kleist took in night wandering and moon walking and how they have first introduced these dark problems into other traditional material. A striking similarity is revealed if one compares that which the poet has in mind with that which I have been able to report in the medical section. I shall be able satisfactorily to verify the statement that science and art have reached exactly the same result. First however I will present the examples from the poets according to their comprehensibility and their perspicacity. I begin with

"AEBELÖ," by Sophus Michaelis.

Twice had Soelver drawn near to the maiden Gro, daughter of his neighbor, Sten Basse. The first time was when he in the spring visited the island Aebeloe, which belonged to him but was quite un-

inhabited. So bright the day and so warm the kiss of the sun upon him, yet suddenly it was "as if his bare neck were flooded by a still warmer wave of light." A maiden stood before him, "who was like pure light. The eyes were as if without pupils, without a glance; as she looked it was as if white clouds floated forth out of a heavenly blue background. Soelver sprang up and stood face to face before her. Her cheeks grew red. Although unknown to each other, they smiled one at the other like two seraphim. Her hands opened toward his and before her, as out of her lap, fell the flowers which she had gathered. Soelver believed for a moment that it was all a dream. He swung his hands into the air and a hand waved toward him. He closed his eyes that he might enjoy to the full the soft, fleeting impression. It floated over his hand like an incorporeal breath. Was it then a ghostly vision, that wandered there at his side!" When however he knew that the maiden near him was a living being, then "his lips sank toward her trembling with desire, unintentionally and yet irrevocably." At this moment a "cloud passed over the sun and the light became at once dulled as if a mist had fallen upon all the flowers. Of all this he did not become so quickly aware, as that his own cheeks resounded from a whizzing blow." Her face glowed bright with anger and the delicate blue veins were swollen on her forehead, while with a scornful look she turned her back to him. His blood was however aflame with desire for revenge.

A second time had the young nobleman Soelver sought to satisfy his masculine passion, when he surprised Gro bathing upon Aebeloe. She however had defended her maidenhood and struck him about the head with an old, rusty sword, which she found on the shore, so that he sank upon the grass covered with blood. "He felt the pain of his wounds with a strange glow of pleasure. The blow had fallen upon the hard flint stone within him so that the sparks of passion had sprung forth. He loved the maiden Gro. A consuming passion raged in his blood. In his thoughts he knelt always before that ineffaceable image, which struck him to the earth with a flame of divine wrath in her eyes." In revenge for the trespass committed Sten Basse fell upon Soelver's castle and took the young nobleman himself prisoner.

Wild violence of this sort was indeed familiar to Sten Basse. He himself had once taken his wife thus by force. Just as he was flattering himself that he had broken her will once for all, she bit him in his chin so that the blood gushed forth and she spit his own

blood into his eyes. He was struck with admiration at such strength. He had thought to desert her at once. Now he lifted her in his arms, carried her from her father's castle into the stable, bound her to his horse and rode forth—to his own home. Their marriage had been at first a long series of repetitions of the first encounter. In the end she loved him as the horse loves the iron bit between his teeth and the spur in his flank. She did not allow herself to be subdued by the blows which he gave her, but she was the weaker and she loved him because he was strong enough to be the stronger. An evil fate had taken his sons from him one after the other. Therefore he wished to call forth in his only daughter the traits of his own blood, his pride, disdainfulness and stiff-neckedness. "She must know neither fear nor weakness; her will must be hardened and her courage steeled like that of a man. When he heard that his daughter had been in danger but had saved herself, he swore revenge to the perpetrator of the outrage, yet at the same time his heart laughed with pride at Gro's fearlessness. He took the young nobleman prisoner and rewarded him with heavy and tedious torture as penance for his insolence. Yet at the same time he delighted himself with the thought of putting his daughter to a still more dangerous proof. He wished to see the young-blooded, inexperienced birds reach out swinging and scratching in attack and defense."

As if in mockery he gave to the imprisoned youth the passionately desired Gro to be with him in the dungeon. "She stood there as if she had glided into his prison by the flood of light entering in and he trembled lest the light would again absorb her into itself." He knew not what power forced him to his knees and threw him at her feet with a prayer for forgiveness. She had however merely a scornful laugh for the man humbling himself in his love and the cruelly abusive word, "Creeping worm!" Then in his sense of affront there comes the thought that Gro was given into his power. While he tried the walls of his dungeon to ascertain if he was perhaps watched, Gro stood and stared out by the aperture through which the light entered, now paler than before. Soelver stepped near her, drew the single gold ring from his finger, which had come down to him through many generations of his forefathers, and extended it to her as a bridal gift. But she threw it unhesitatingly out through the peephole.

Now bitterness raged in Soelver's blood. "He bowed himself before her face in order to intercept her gaze, but he did not meet it

though her eyes were directed toward his. It was indeed no glance but a depth into which the whole light of day, which was blue now without overhead, was drawn down into a deep well. Soelver became intoxicated with this light, which, as it were, appeared to seek her alone and threw an aureole of intangible beauty about her form." He crept up and pushed forward the wooden shutter, then carried Gro to his cot. "She had let herself go without resistance and fell lifelessly with her arms hanging down. Soelver laid his face close to hers. His breath was eager, his blood was on fire and in his fierce wrath he intended to yield himself to the boiling heat of sensual passion. Her cheeks however, her skin, her lips were cold as those of death. He began nevertheless wildly to kiss her face, once and again, as if to waken warmth and life in the cold skin. Yet with every kiss it was as if she grew more fixed, as if the lips shriveled and grew cold and damp as ice over the teeth. The cold from this embrace crept over Soelver, and drew the heat and fervor from his nerves, until he shook suddenly with the cold and shuddered with the thought that he had a corpse under him. Yet in that selfsame moment he marked the rising of her breast as she drew in her breath, full of strength with all its coldness, so full of strength that it pushed Soelver away and he slipped down to the hard flags of the floor.

"Soelver lay upon the floor, congealed with a coldness which was stronger than that of the hard tiles. It was as dark as in a walled-in grave. He dared not move however for fear that he would again feel that ice cold body. 'Hear me,' sounded suddenly a strangely shrill whisper, 'hear me, if you are a man, let me get out! Call my father! I want to get out—make light—give me air—I am almost choking—I want to get out!'" As Soelver opened the shutter again so that the dim shadowy glow of the night could enter, he saw Gro "tall and slender in the pale light." "Let me out, let me out!" she begged. "I am afraid here below—not of you—but of myself and of the dark—let me out!" "For the first time Soelver heard a soft rhythm in this voice smooth as steel. A soft breath breathed itself in her entreaty. He became a man, a protector and felt his power grow through her supplication."

Yet though he exerted himself to the utmost to open the door of his dungeon, it was all in vain. It must have been fastened on the outside with massive oak or iron bars. So finally he gave up entirely and turned back to the opening where the light came in. Gro had sunk down under the last bit of light, without complaint, without

sound. Her eyes were closed, she leaned her head against the sharp edge of the aperture and her arms hung down lifelessly. Soelver bent over her; her breath was almost inaudible, but irregular and did not suggest sleep. Like a thirsty plant she stretched herself out of the single airhole of the dungeon that she might seize the last drop of light before the darkness extinguished everything. Soelver divined that she could not be brought away from this light aperture." He brought all the skins from the couch, spread them over her, pushed them under her body and "solicitously, with infinite carefulness he protected her from the damp floor, while he shoved his arm under her for support without ever touching her with his hand. All his brutality was gone, all his burning passion. Here she lay before him like a delicate sick flower, which must be covered over from the cold of night."

When Soelver awoke the next morning he noticed that one of his hands was seized by her, grasped in the unconsciousness of sleep and held fast by her long, slender fingers, which clasped themselves about his hand. It was as if her soul clung to him in sleep as helper and savior from him himself, from his own brutal savagery. When Gro however opened her eyes and stared into Soelver's face, lit up by the sun, she broke out into weeping which could not be stilled. "She was terrified at awaking in a cellar hole, into the close damp darkness of which she looked, while the face of her vanquisher blazed strong in the sunlight before her, she wept without understanding or comprehending anything of what had happened about her." Perplexed, Soelver bent over her hand and kissed it. Then came Sten Basse and saw how uncontrollably Gro sobbed. "If you have gone near my daughter," he hissed at the young nobleman, "there will be no punishment strong enough for you." At this there shot up in Soelver a wild lust for revenge and he answered his enemy with irritating coldness: "Yes, I took what you gave. You brought her yourself into my presence, you laid her yourself in my arms. Now you may take her back again. I spurn your daughter for I have not desired her for the honor and keeping of my house, but only for the entertainment of a night. Take her back now! Take her back!"

Nevertheless better treatment was from this time on accorded Soelver, which he never for a moment doubted he owed to Gro. As he dwelt in his cell upon his phantasies, he suddenly heard her voice singing that melancholy song of Sir Tidemand, who tried to lure the maiden Blidelille into his boat by vigorous runes written upon roses.



Blidelille awoke at midnight and knew not what it was that compelled her.

"It drew me along to Sir Tidemand  
Whom never mine eyes had seen."

In vain the foster mother bids them spread velvets and satins over her that she might sleep. Notwithstanding she arises suddenly, dresses herself and goes down to the strand to Sir Tidemand, who meets her scornfully. Then she goes into the lake, whither Tidemand follows her, seized with heartfelt remorse.

"For evil the rune on the rose leaf traced  
And evil the work it had wrought,  
That two so noble, of royal grace,  
To ruin and death were brought."

The woful song trailed itself through Soelver's mind like an indistinct dream. Then he believed that he distinguished Gro's step, until it was lost in her sleeping room. With his mental vision he saw the maiden, as she looked out upon the lake toward Aebeloe. She looked away from him, of whose fate she took no thought, but gazed fixedly over the sea, which bore upon its bosom a ship with silken sails, on whose deck Sir Tidemand stood. "Then Soelver was conscious of an infinite weakness in his love toward this pure maiden, whom his coarseness had taken into his arms, his desire had scorched with its hot breath but who had nevertheless left him benumbed in his baseness, cowardliness and weakness. Now he understood that love, in order to triumph, must first humble its own power, still its own movement and soften its brutal will. Now he comprehended that he must carve mystic runes of passion upon his own heart as upon a glowing rose and fling it into the mighty sea of feeling, praying it to bring the maiden Gro into his hands."

Day and night Soelver's thoughts tarried only with Gro. In his phantasies "he forced himself through the bolted door, climbed sharp angled passage ways and winding staircases and lifted oaken beams from barred doors. Without once making a mistake, driven by a magic sense of direction, he finally reached Gro's couch, at which he saw himself staring with great white eyes, whose pupils in the darkness of sleep had as it were glided over to the side. And upon the cover of her couch lay her two gleaming arms and the fingers of the right hand trembled as if they grasped another invisible hand. In this room Soelver remained until her sleep drew

him to itself, until the heaving of her breasts drew him down, until her fingers entwined themselves with his, until their breath mingled and his lids closed before her pure gaze."

Another time he dreamed that he was upon a vessel, evidently in the rôle of Sir Tidemand. And Gro actually came over the water to him like the maiden Blidelille, "with roses like two blood spots upon her breast. She had crossed her hands beneath them and fastened her pure gaze upon Soelver, so that he was seized with terror and, without escaping her look, fled to the lee of the vessel to the edge of the ship. Yet Gro steadily drew nearer. Now she reached the ship's border and Soelver retreated. Step by step she followed him, the painful gaze of her deathly white face absorbed by his own. And he withdrew over to the other border, drew back until he felt the railing hard behind him. Gro stepped forward alone and it was not possible to stop her; he felt as if she wished to press within him like the sped arrow to its goal. Finally, in an instant, as her garment fluttered against him, he threw himself with a loud cry to one side and saw, with a great horror, that Gro went forward, through the railing as through air and disappeared on the other side in the sea, while Soelver lay moaning upon the deck and saw before him only the red roses, which fallen from her breast crept like living blood over the ship's planks."

Was it dream or reality, which he saw when he opened his eyes? "The sun's rays burst forth through a crack in a long, radiant arrow, which bored itself into the floor and transfixed as it were something red that began to glow." And as Soelver crept nearer his astonishment grew deeper. "For hard by the vision of red were footprints breathed so to speak upon the floor, fine, slender prints, directed toward him, no more distinct than if a warm breeze had blown away the dampness from the surface of a stone, leaving the outline of a foot fixed there." As he now stooped down and with his hand felt for the blood red spot, his fingers actually touched "a heavy full-blown rose, whose sweet strong odor he drank as if in an intoxication of reality." No one had forced his way in through the hatchway, of this he soon convinced himself. Gro must have dropped it here while he was spinning dreams about her.

In the nights which followed "he slept in a kind of hunger to feel her physically and tangibly in his arms." Then when it was again full moon, he found on awaking, in a spot upon which fell the rays of moonlight, a little gold cross, "whose six polished stones seemed to radiate moonlight from themselves. It was as if the

moonlight lay within his hand. He watched the small cross sparkle—it was the same that he had seen in dreams upon her rose wreath. Gro had been also within his prison."

He was led out soon after this to be shown to the monk, who had come to obtain news of his imprisonment. "In the doorway the young nobleman met Gro and drew back, so strong a power seemed to irradiate from her living form. She stood in the half twilight, with her white hands and her white neck and forehead, which shone as with their own light from out her coal black velvet robe. There was a blinding, marvelous reality about her, which drew him like a great fragrant flower." As the monk expressed his compassion for him, that imprisonment had befallen him, his pride of nobility awoke. "What do you say of imprisonment and ill foreboding? Know you not then that I am of my free will Sten Basse's guest?" This reply astonished even Sten Basse. "He admired the young, undaunted spirit, who found in himself no occasion for pity. Soelver stood before Gro, his arms firm at his sides, and breathed deep and strong. His eyes drank in the clear light from her hands and face." When however Sten Basse sought to approach him in a friendly manner, Soelver motioned him back: "As prisoner was I led forth, as prisoner I return of my free will. If you wish to make any apology to me, you know where my dungeon is to be found." Then he went quickly, without turning toward Gro, out of the hall and down into his prison. His senses nevertheless had seized that warm, radiant picture of the beautiful Gro and transplanted it in the midst of his cell. He saw it streaming before his eyes in the shimmering light of the cross of moonlight and longed for the clear light of the night, that he might go on and make the dream face live. When the darkness advanced "he stripped himself naked and allowed the air of the summer night to cool his limbs and purify them, before he betook himself to his cot. The small cross he laid upon his naked breast and watched the moonlight glimmer green and blue from every stone" and kissed it thinking of Gro. Then he fell asleep in blissful happiness.

Suddenly however he awoke without any apparent reason, from no dream or thought. "He was awake, collected and yet at the same time strangely under the control of something that lay outside himself, a strange unknown power, which might be either mystical or natural. It appeared to him as if the moonlight had been loosed from the moon and now floated about in the room like a living being. So real seemed this fancy to him that he turned his head

to one side and was not astonished actually to see a form standing in the center of the darkness. A feeling of reverence and awe swept over Soelver as he little by little distinguished, in the floating folds of the moon white garment, the firm outlines of a woman's arms, which were crossed beneath a half bared breast, the line of the teeth in the open mouth, a flash of white light from Gro's eyes gazing with a certain fixed power.

"Holy Mother of God—it was Gro herself!

"Soelver started upright, frightened at his own movement, for he scarcely dared breathe, much less to go towards her. He felt his nakedness as a crime, even his being awake as a transgression. The form glided forward out of the moonlight, the crossed hands separated themselves from the breast and Gro pursued her way with outstretched hands, feeling her way and yet mechanically sure like a sleep walker.

"Yes, she was walking in her sleep. Soelver recognized it by the staring look in her eyes, which gazed through the night as through miles of space. Soelver slid noiselessly to the floor in front of her, afraid that he would be seen, in deadly terror lest she should awaken. For he knew how dreadful it might be to awaken a sleep walker and in his excited phantasy he heard already the cry of horror and madness which would issue from Gro's mouth if she awoke and saw herself in this dark, subterranean depth alone with a naked man as with a demon. It was as if everything in Soelver cried out in protective anxiety that Gro should not awaken. He crouched beseechingly upon the ground, his whole soul was a sobbing prayer for grace, for instant means of deliverance, now that Gro had come to him as if by fate.

"There came a whispered sound from her open mouth, as her lips for a moment sought each other. It was as if she breathed out the one word 'Soelver.' This, however, to hear his name spoken, made Soelver strong at once. It compelled him to arise from the floor, it banished the fear from his soul, it made him rejoice in every fiber of his being. The next moment her outstretched arm reached his hand—he felt the firm, cool skin under his trembling finger tips and his face felt the warm breathing of her voice, 'Soelver, Soelver!' And driven by some mystic power of will, he forced himself under the same hypnotic influence which surrounded her. He compelled himself to leave the clear broad way of reason and to enter the ecstatic, perilous, paths of the sleep walker. He was no longer

awake. He sought, he touched, he stood before that after which he had groped. He was himself driven by a magic power, by a marvelous single purpose, which must be attained. This whole transformation took place in him merely because he felt that this was the only means of saving her from awaking to consciousness and madness.

"'Soelver—Soelver!'—'Yes.'—'Soelver—are you—are you—there?'—'Yes—I—am—here.'—'Yes—that is you—that is you—I feel you.'—'And you see me?'—'Yes, I see you.'—'And you will stay with me?'—'Yes—I will—I will stay with you.'

"Soelver answered her in the same whisperings in which she breathed out her words. His hands passed over hers with infinite carefulness. But finally his arms closed about her neck and he felt a marvelous tingling in his finger tips as he touched her soft silken hair. His mouth approached hers and mingled his warm breath with the breath which escaped cold from her lips. He drew in the air with her own rhythm, it was as if his naked heart bowed toward hers so that they all at once touched one another. Then the blood flamed out of her cheeks and streamed over into his, although they lay not upon each other. The blood burned in all her skin and Soelver trembled for a moment lest this transport was the beginning of the awakening.

"His heart stood still with fear. However the blood continued to surge through Gro's body. She pressed Soelver close to herself and through her soft clothing he felt her breast swell and throb, as if she would bore herself into his flesh. 'Soelver—I love you.'—'Gro—I love you.' Then a strange giddiness seized him as if he were rushing into her arms on a tower miles high. He breathed upon her ethereal kisses, which closed her lips, moistened her forehead and descended thence like a refreshing spring rain so that her lids drooped. When her eyes were closed Soelver felt for the first time quite secure. He fastened them with a real kiss and now, since her sleep wandering had reached its goal in his arms and Soelver was sure that her love dream was too deep to be disturbed, he whispered louder than before, 'Gro—I love you!'—'Soelver—I love you!'—'How long have you loved me?'—'Longer than I have known you, Soelver.'—'Why have you not said so, Gro?'—'That, Soelver, I will never tell!'

"So Soelver carried his wonderful burden to his couch and inhaled her youthful fragrance and lifted his mouth to hers and all his blood at once leaped forth. Every fiber of his being was stirred



to kisses, every blood drop became a yearning mouth to meet the thousand mouths of her blood. And lost to sense—vehemently, seized by the divine power of nature, unafraid that she might awaken, without control over himself and yet proud as a master of worlds, he was impelled as the sunbeam to its goal, when it forces open the flower and buries itself in its fragrant depths. Soelver united himself with Gro. She on her part slumbered on, quiet as the sea which has closed over its sacrifice.

"But Soelver felt his senses reawakening. What now? Should he let Gro sleep until day woke her and she saw herself in his arms? He bent over his beloved in deepest distress. She must not awaken in terror, not again weep as on that first morning when she was with him. The most delicate chords in her soul had trembled and sung to him in the night, to him whom she unconsciously loved with all the indefinable conviction of her heart. This love must not be rudely plucked and allowed to fade like a plant whose tender shoot is torn asunder. She must go back to her maiden's couch until the flower of the day had burst forth from its leafy covering. Then he discovered that the panel at the foot of his cot was opened, while some planking had been pushed back. Gro must have come this way and by this way he carried her back. Led by an unerring instinct, as if he knew from his nightly phantasied visits all the turnings of the way, he went without deliberation into the secret room behind the panel, found the passage to the main stairway, passed straight up, turned through corridors, passed under the heavy tapestry curtains, opened the last door and noticed first that he bore a burden when he laid it down. The moon threw its faint silver light round about in the little room. With a sweet wonder Soelver gazed upon the prayer stool and the brown rosary—without its cross."

I may pass briefly over the remainder. In the first place Soelver was given his liberty and he went back to his castle. The death of Sten Basse occurred soon after. Soelver whispered to his daughter at his death bed, "Gro, whatever may happen, know now that we belong to one another." She "turned her head slowly toward him and looked at him with her large eyes swollen with tears. Her look was that of a stranger and quite uncomprehending, so that Soelver understood that she did not simply deny everything but she had no recollection at all." So Soelver turned and went. For the first time when bathing in the lake "he found again his youth and his freedom, his radiant hope and the jubilant certainty of his love. Gro loved him! Only the thought of love had not yet arisen from

the depths of her soul like pearls to the light. Nevertheless the wonderful flower of her affection was growing in the golden light of dreams. He longed after Gro as after his bride, although he was only the bridegroom of her dreams, who dared to kiss her only when her eyes were closed. By day he was her foe, as the bear in the fairy tale, who by night alone is changed into a beautiful young man."

They met therefore first again at Sten's bier, at the side of which they both kneeled. "Gro's eyes were directed upon him as upon a stranger, staring with wonder, burning with a mystic light. Why was this stranger here near her, the man whom her dead father had tortured and derided? And yet her eyes were wet with tears of pity and she felt that this man only desired to take her hand. Soelver observed her with his inmost soul. He pressed the small cross of moonshine between his hands, he bent over it and kissed it and a gleam from its blazing stones smote Gro's eyes. She stretched out her arms and took the cross from him and gazed into the stones as into well-known eyes. She knew not how this had come into Soelver's hands but she also bent over it and kissed it and her soul went out toward Soelver as toward a soul far, far away, whom she once had known, whom however she could scarcely remember."

After this Soelver came and went at Egenaes, Sten Basse's castle, as if he were lord and heir of the estate. "It was rumored also among the tenants and the servants that he was betrothed to the maiden Gro. Yet no word of it was exchanged between them. Soelver stood by Gro in small things and great, and she allowed herself to be guided by his strength and cleverness. Since that night when he had kneeled with her at her father's lifeless body, she was bound to him by a nameless bond of gratitude, of mutual feeling, and by an inner apprehension that their fate was interwoven. Still no consciousness of love colored Gro's attitude. She longed for Soelver's strong handclasp because it made her will strong to withstand her sorrow. She could think of herself lying upon his broad, deep breast, only however because there slumber would come in sure forgetfulness. There was moreover a tenderness in her look, when in a fleeting moment she let her glance rest upon his, such as the realization of another's goodness awakens in us, especially when the goodness is undeserved and disinterested. Yet there was never any of love's surrender. Only she was glad to know herself observed by these quiet, steadfast, clear eyes, from which the red specter of passion, which had so frightened her that day upon

Aebeloe, had long been banished. She believed that she had in Soelver a friend given her for life and death, a friend who could not desire her in love nor be desired, a brother whom one might trust with infinitely more serenity than any lover.

"Soelver was ever watchful of Gro. His eyes were on the lookout whether he might not once surprise in hers the brightness of the dream, and make the hidden rose of love break through the green covering and bloom in reality. He longed thus within himself once to see the day and night aspects of her soul melt into a wonderful golden twilight. But Gro made no response to the gaze from his eyes. She turned her head aside so that her silken lashes concealed her glance. 'Gro, why do you never look at me?'—'I do look at you.'—'Do you see me with your cheek, Gro?'—'I see you, though, Soelver. I see you with the outermost corner of my eye.' Soelver bent his face beneath hers. 'Are you looking at me?' But Gro pressed her lids together as before a bright light and shook her head, 'No, Soelver, not so! You look too sharply, you look too deeply. You look so deeply that it hurts me very much. No, stand so Soelver, turn your eyes away!'—'Are you afraid of me?'—'No, no—why should I be afraid? But I do not feel comfortable to have you all the time wanting to read my heart, to have your eyes searching for some writing that does not stand written there. My friend and beloved brother, I fear what your look would draw from me—what would you drag out from my soul?—'The spring day, Gro, when we first met.'—'Ah! Soelver, I scarcely remember it. It seems to me that I have always known you, that all your days you have been good and kind to me. Lately I have felt it in my heart and upon my cheek, as when my mother caressed me and that is long, long ago.'—'Gro, only say it, you are afraid of the word, but not truly—just say it—you love me.—You are silent because it is true.' 'No, Soelver, I have never felt that.'—'So you have dreamed it, Gro.'—'Dreamed!' Gro became fiery red. 'Dreamed—dreamed—oh Soelver, what have I dreamed? What do you know of my dreams? To have dreamed is to have dreamed, and my dreams belong to me, to me alone!' For a moment she turned to him a shy, quivering look, then tears trickled down from under her drooping lids. But Soelver observed that he had hit upon the truth. Immediately however he regretted that he had cast this look into the sanctuary of her soul. It was like the curious peeping of which the knight had been guilty, spying through the key-hole upon his wife, Undine.

"A long time they sat silent. At last Gro was herself again, quiet and controlled. Then she spoke in a soft but firm voice, 'Soelver, if you remain with me to awaken me to love, then I beg of you, go and never return. I can never look upon you with the eyes of love. Passion seems to me like a glowing sword, which burns out one's eyes as it goes by. There was a day when you made the flaming sword of your desire pass by my face—since that time it is burned out. I have been blinded, Soelver, I am blind to the desire of your eyes, and all your fervent prayers. I have hated you, despised you, defied you, yet you have repaid evil with good and now I return good for good. Look not upon me with love's eyes, seek not to awaken the dead in me to life. You are to me more precious than if the proud brother of my childhood had returned in you, your spirit is his, I did not believe that in the will of a man so much kindness could dwell. Leave it so, stay with me as my brother, or leave me like my brother, but never speak to me of love, neither in words nor in looks for I know no reply.'"

The young nobleman knew finally, for all his eager power, no other way of escape than to go with the king to the war. He saw quite clearly that "Gro struggled against the force deep in her heart. And yet the day's flaming sun could cause the weak chrysalis of the dream to shrivel so that no butterfly would break through the covering and rejoice in the strong light of midday. But with Soelver away, the longing for him would support the invisible growth of the dream and prepare the way for it into consciousness. Ah! it was worth his departure." Then he took leave of his beloved. "Goodbye; forget me not on our island. Bid me return when you will. The wind will find me, wherever I am. Tell the wild birds, when you want me and would call me home."

Gro, remaining behind alone, first became aware what she had lost in him and in his "strong will, which was her source of light." She began to long more and more for him who was far away. "Ah, if he would only come again!" And when a bird flew by, she "flushed red at her own thought; was that a message sent forth by her desire? This took place contrary to her wish and will—she wished not to long for him, not to call him back, not to love him! Angrily she roused herself and sought to recall the burning gaze with which Soelver had wounded her modesty. So with a vexed and hard stroke of the oars she pushed the boat away from Aebeloe."

When the war was ended, Soelver went to serve the king of France. For, as he wrote in a letter sent by carrier pigeon, "he

who is not summoned, comes not." Meanwhile love toward the young nobleman had begun to grow in her bosom. "Night after night she dreamed of Soelver and at last one night she suddenly awoke and found herself cold and naked, wandering around in her room and heard the last note of her heart's unconscious avowal, 'Soelver, I love you.' There was a change within her. Hour after hour would she sit inactive and half asleep, listening to the irregular beating of her heart—something was drawing upon her very depths, sucking her strength from her, from her proud will, something that paralyzed her thought and bound her always to the same name, the same memory." As she listened in her own depths, "she caught a momentary something like a weak, quickly beating echo of her own slow heart, a busily living little heart, that ticked louder and louder until at last it deafened hers. A trembling joy seized her at that moment through all her senses as she knew that she bore a life within her life, that she enclosed in her body the germ of a new life that was not growing from her alone and of her life alone."

Suddenly a crushing terror overcame her. Who was her child's father? "So abruptly came this question over her naïve soul that she fancied for a moment that this might be the punishment of fate for her longing for Soelver. This longing was desire, and desire was sin no less than the love itself. Her wish for him had grown to a fire in her blood and now she was stained by her own passion, pregnant from her own sin. God's punishment had visited her and soon would be visible to all the world. Gro saw however immediately the foolishness of her thought. For one moment she lingered at the thought of the one woman of all the earth, who had immaculately conceived. Then she uttered an inward prayer that the Mother of God would lighten her understanding and give her clearness of vision that she should not go astray in her brooding over this mystery."

When she questioned her nurse and the latter finally put it to her, "Have you spent no night under the same roof with Soelver?" then there occurred to her the many nights when she had dreamed of the lonely imprisoned man, who was being punished because of her. When she lay in her bed in the dark, a strange curiosity had overcome her to imagine his lot there below and, when sleep seized her and dreams chased away the bitter, hard thoughts, her heart had become softer and the sun had shone over the visions of her dreams as the spring day over the woods blossoming with the green May bells. Many a night and many a morning was she awakened



by a strange burning desire in her thoughts, and her mouth was as though touched with fresh dream kisses, and she had entered into judgment with her own weak heart and had inflamed herself to scorn and hatred so that she had done nothing to soften the fate of the prisoner. But how could Soelver have been the guest of her dreams? And how had he been able to command the virgin love fed by her slumber? Then came the nurse to her aid and made it clear to her. She knew that the maiden Gro had walked in her sleep; the servants had told of a white ghost on the stairs and once she herself had seen it and recognized Gro, who had disappeared upon a secret stairway, which led down into the dungeon. She had kept still about it, for she thought it was a voluntary sleep walking to the young nobleman."

Thus was Gro enlightened as to the source of her pregnancy. "She quivered with shame that the desire in her dreams had the power to drive her down to the lonely prisoner and she shook in her inmost soul at the memory of that happy dream, which she had had the night before her father's death. Now her love suddenly burst into the light like a wonderful flower, which suddenly springs up with a thousand fragrant buds. Now it was impossible to stem it or to conceal it. She had wanted to suppress every germ, with her father's coldness and the day's dispassionately proud haughtiness she had been willing to stifle every impulse toward love, every longing for self avowal. Now she found her pride was dead and buried and her being within and without was permeated by love.

"For she had loved Soelver from the first springtime kiss, which he had imprinted upon her cheek as she wandered among the fresh May bells, loved him in the blow which she had inflicted upon his head when he had touched her chaste nakedness, loved him in those nights when he had slept uncomplaining in the cellar dungeon, loved him in those bitter moments of his humbling when he, in spite of scorn and insult, maintained his pride, loved him that evening when he kneeled at her father's bier and kissed the hand of his enemy now dead, loved him day by day all the time they were together, loved him in that hour when she saw his banner disappear among the hundred others, and today upon Aebeloe when she heard that new life singing within hers. And now she rejoiced; for she bore him always within her, she could never again lose her Soelver."

As we glance over the material of this tale, we find as the nucleus of the night wandering and moon walking the strong repression of every conscious love impulse and the breaking through of the un-

conscious in sleep and dream wherever the censor's rule is relaxed. For the maiden Gro had loved Soelver from the first moment, yet this love was confessed only in moments of occasional self forgetfulness, as by the first meeting with the young nobleman, when her hand met his, yes, even pressed it for the moment. Only Gro should not have been frightened out of her half unconscious action by a kiss or a passionate desire, for at once there arose to life within her the coldness and haughtiness of her father and the highhanded reaction which her mother had manifested to her conqueror. The determining factor, to speak in psychoanalytic language, is the struggle between the strong sexual rejection and the equally compelling sexual desire. At first the former held the upper hand with our heroine in her waking and conscious action, the latter in the unconscious. Through the force of her will Gro seemed cold, even as she had learned of her father. She defended herself from her lover's craving by force and blow; even when conquered finally through the noble spirit of her enemy, she would see in him only the friend for life and death. She directly refused to think of love and displaced it to external things, she even bade the young man go rather than desire her as his wife. Soelver's devotion reminded her most significantly of her mother's tenderness, his pride, of the brother of her childhood. "It is as if in you the proud brother of my childhood had returned. Your spirit is his. Leave it so, stay with me as my brother or leave me like my brother, but never speak to me of love, neither in words nor in looks, for I know no reply!"

Yet she avoided Soelver's searching eye and as he reminded her of her dreams, she was smitten in the depths of her soul. For her dreams, she well knew, chased away the bitter and hard thoughts, the repressed unconscious broke through and the true feeling of her loving heart. This already appeared clear to her when her beloved languished in captivity at her father's hands. The strange desire to work out the fate of the young nobleman, who suffered on her account, had overcome her lying there in her bed in the dark. And in the morning she awoke with a strange burning desire in her thoughts and her mouth was flecked with his fresh dream kissees. Still she consciously kept back every outer manifestation of love and met the young man while her father was alive with coldness and suspicion and later even merely as a brother. The great distance separating her beloved from her and above all the child which she bore from him under her heart for the first time conquer her haughty pride and her conscious aversion. And as she dreams one

night again of the loved one far away she finds herself suddenly awake, going about cold and naked in her room and perceives as the lingering sound of her heart's unconscious avowal, "Soelver, I love you!"

So severe is this struggle between conscious sexual denial and unconscious desire, that it even forces itself through in her sleep and her night wandering. Her dreams had indeed, as she later acknowledged with shame, the force and the power to compel her below into the young nobleman's dungeon. She had clasped Soelver's hand in her sleep, she had told him everything in the moonlight, with eyes closed, everything which she secretly felt, and had pressed him to herself. Yet when he asked her why she could never confess to him that she had always loved him so deeply, she repulsed him: "That I will never tell!" Even when he had united himself to his beloved, she had slumbered on as if nothing had happened and the next day knew nothing of it all.

This leads now to that which, according to folk belief, constitutes the very core, the chief ground for sleep walking and moon walking in a maiden. It is easy to understand the wish, on the part of the female sex with their strongly demanded sexual repression, to come to the beloved one and taste all the delights of satisfaction but without guilt. This is possible only through wandering in unconscious sleep. For, as my first patient explained, one is not accountable for anything that happens in this state, and can also enjoy without sin and without consciousness of what is not permitted. Convention demands that the maiden wait until the lover approaches her, but in that unconscious state she may surrender herself. The need for repression explains then the subsequent amnesia. Yet wandering by night is not concerned merely with sexual enjoyment, over and above that it fulfills a second desire that arises out of childhood, as we know from psychoanalysis. Every small maiden has, that is, the wish to have a child by her father, her first love, which is often in later years defined thus, one might have a child, but without a husband. The night wandering fulfills this desire to have a child yet without sin. Therefore has that motive of an unconscious, not to say immaculate, conception inspired not a few poets, as it has already, as is well known, been active in the creation of the drama.

Less transparent than that chief motive is the action of the light, sunlight as well as moonlight. The heroine of the story stands toward both in a special relationship. Her body is almost illumi-

nated by its own light, her hair sparkles electrically when it is touched, "warm waves of light" emanate from her, which Soelver noticed at their first meeting, the sun seems expressly to seek her, a halo of impalpable beauty surrounds her and above all glows from the depths of her eyes. Not only so, Gro seems to dwell chiefly in the light, whose last drops she greedily absorbs within herself. When the light fades, her body becomes cold as ice like a corpse. In similar manner the shining of the full moon affects her, the light of which the stones of her gold cross have absorbed. The first time that the slumbering youth saw Gro wandering, it seemed to him as if the moonlight had been loosed from the planet and floated only in his room like a living being. The poet, to be sure, has offered no explanation of this mystical effect of light and what the reader may think for himself would be merely drawn from other sources. For this reason I will not pursue this point further.

The narrative affords somewhat further means for an understanding in another direction. It is not explained more fully just why Gro follows the sunlight and moonlight or why both exercise upon her a peculiar attraction, yet the tendency to a motor breaking through of the unconscious may be derived from an inherited disposition. The father is a rough, violent robber knight while the mother shows distinctly sadistic traits and a truly ready hand at fighting. That confirms what I explained in the first part, a heightened muscular excitability and muscle eroticism, which strives to break through again on the sexual side in sleep walking. Finally it may be affirmed without doubt that the ghostly white figure upon the stairs was no other than the maiden in her shift.

"JÖRN UHL," by Gustav Frenssen.

I can deal more briefly with Jörn Uhl," the well-known rural romance of Frenssen, in which the sketch of a moon walker constitutes merely an episode. Joern Uhl, who, returned from the war, takes over the farm of his unfortunate father, discovers Lena Tarn as the head maid-servant. She pleased him at first sight. "She was large and strong and stately in her walk. Besides her face was fresh with color, white and red, her hair golden and slightly wavy. He thought he had never seen so fresh and at the same time so goodly appearing a girl. He was pleased also at the way she nodded to him and said 'good evening' and looked him over from head to foot with such open curiosity and sincere friendliness." She sings too much to please the old housekeeper! "She

is so pert and too straightforward with her speech." It is noteworthy too that she talks to herself in unquiet sleep.

Lena Tarn can soon make observations also upon her side. Joern was very short with the old graybeard, who advised him to an early marriage: "The housekeeper is with me, I do not need a wife." Lena, entering just then, heard what the unmannerly countryman said and assumed a proud look, thinking to herself, "What is the sly old man saying!" Since however the old man began to talk and compelled her and Joern Uhl to listen, she was concerned almost entirely for the latter, whose "long, quiet face with its deep discerning eyes she observed with a silent wonder, without shyness, but with confident curiosity." Not alone in the kitchen, which is under her control, can Lena show what is in her. When a young bull broke loose and came after the women, she met him with sparkling eyes, "Stop you wretch!" When he would not allow himself to be turned aside, she threw a swift look flashing with anger upon the men, who were idly looking on, then swung the three-legged milking stool which she had taken along and hit the bull so forcibly on the head with it that frightened, he lunged off sideways. "Lena Tarn had however all afternoon a red glow coming and going in her cheeks because the farmer had looked upon her with the eyes of a high and mighty young man. That caused her secretly both joy and concern." Immediately after this she experienced one satisfaction. Joern Uhl was dragged into the water by a mischievous calf and was much worse cut up by it than she, the weaker one, the woman had been.

"Lena saw always before her the face which Joern Uhl had made when she had gone forward against the bull. She was otherwise in the best of humors, but when, as in the last few days, she was not quite well physically she was inclined to be angry. She preserved a gloomy countenance as well and as long as she could. Soon though, as she went here and there about her work and felt the new fresh health streaming through her limbs, she altered her looks. . . . Joern Uhl moreover could not be quiet that day. The sudden plunge in the water had brought his blood to boiling. The spring sunshine did its part. A holiday spirit came over him and he thought that he would go into the village and pay his taxes, which were due. On the way he thought of Lena Tarn. Her hair is coiled upon her head like a helmet of burnished brass, which slips into her neck. When she 'does things,' as she says, her eyes are stern and directed eagerly upon her work. When on the other hand



she is spoken to and speaks with any one she is quick to laugh. Work seems to her the only field where quiet earnestness is in place. 'That must be so,' she says. Toward everything else she is angry or in a good humor, mostly the latter. Only toward me is she short and often spiteful. It has been a great joke for her that I had the ill luck to have to go into the water with that stupid beast. If she only dared she would spread it three times a day on my bread and butter and say 'There you have it.'"

Now he meets old Dreier who gives him good advice: "How old are you? Twenty-four? Don't you marry, Joern. On no account. That would be the stupidest thing that you could do. I bet you \$50,000 you don't dare do it. Time will tell, I say." "Take it for granted that I will wait yet ten years," he answered. And he went on thinking to himself, "It is pleasanter to go thus alone and let one's thoughts run on. Marry? Marry now? I will be on my guard. After I am thirty!" Then his thought came back to Lena. "She looked well as she flung the stool at the steer. Prancing like a three-year-old horse. Yesterday she did not look so well, her eyes were not so bright, she spoke harshly to Wieten (the old housekeeper) and said to her afterwards, 'Do not mind it, Wieten, I slept badly,' and laughed. Funny thing, slept badly? When one is on the go as she must be all day, one should sleep like a log. But that is all right in the May days. It is well that men understand this, otherwise every spring the world would go all to pieces." Then he rejoiced that he was so young and could point out on the farm what was his. "Later, when the years have gone by and I am well established I will take to myself a fine wife with money and golden hair. There are also rich girls who are as merry and fresh and as desirable and have as stately forms. It need not be just this one."

Then he came to the parish clerk who had just been notified that day of six children to be baptized and who was complaining of the increase in births. Joern agreed with him: "What will we come to, if the folk increase like that? Marrying before twenty-five must simply be forbidden." "With these words he departed, filled with a proud consciousness that he was of the same opinion with so intelligent, experienced an old man as the parish clerk." At home he met Lena Tarn with an old farmer, who came to inquire after the fate of his son who had been with Joern in the war. Then for the first time the girl heard of the frightful misery and the suffering of the soldiers which cried to heaven, so that her face was drawn

with pain. "Deep in her soul however thrilled and laughed a secret joy, that you have come back whole, Joern Uhl."

Later, when she was making out the butter account with the farmer, "she had to bend her glowing head over the book, which he held in his hand. There came such a glistening in his eyes that he wrinkled his forehead and did not conceal his displeasure at such an unsteady flashing." In the evening she came to get back the book. Then Joern spoke to her, "You have not been in a good humor these last days. Is anything the matter?" She threw her head back and said shortly, "Something is the matter sometimes with one; but it soon passes over."—"As I came through the passage yesterday evening I heard you call out in your sleep in your room." "Oh, well! . . . I have not been well."—"What . . . you not well? The moon has done that. It has been shining into your room."—"I say, though, there may be some other cause for that."—"I say that comes from the moon." She looked at him angrily, "As if you knew everything! I did not call out in my sleep at all but was wide awake. Three calves had broken out and were frisking around in the grass. I saw them clearly in the moonlight. I called them." He laughed mockingly, "Those certainly were moon calves." "So? I believe not. For I brought them in myself this morning and then I saw that the stable door stood open. I thought to myself, the boy has gone courting tonight. Your eyes always sweep over everything and light upon everything and you [du] worry so over everything out of order, I wonder that you [du] have not seen it?"—"You say 'thou' [du] to me?"—"Yes, you say it to me. I am almost as great as you and you are not a count, and I am as intelligent as you." She carried her head pretty high and as she snatched the book from the window seat as if it lay there in the fire, he saw the splendid scorn in her eyes. "Take care of yourself when the moon is shining," he said, "otherwise again tonight you will have to guard the calves."

"He had arisen, but dared not touch her. They looked at one another however and each knew how it stood with the other. He had again the look which he had revealed once in the morning, a presuming look, confident of victory, such a look as if he would say, 'I know well enough how such a maidenly scorn is to be interpreted.' But her eyes said, 'I am too proud to love you.' She went slowly into the darkness of her room as if she would give him time yet to say something or to long after her. He was however too slow for that and laughed in confusion."

The night fell upon them, a wonderful still night. "I will take one more look at the moon," thought Joern Uhl and took his telescope. He went through the middle door with as little noise as possible, but the door of Lena's room stood open and she appeared upon the threshold and leaned against the side post. "Are you still awake?" he asked anxiously. "It is not yet late."—"The sky is so clear. I want to look at the stars once more. If you wish you may come with me." At first she remained standing, then he heard her coming after him. When he had directed his telescope to a nebulous star he invited her to look in. She placed herself so awkwardly that he laid his hand on her shoulder and asked her, "What do you see?"—"Oh!" she said, "I see—I see—a large farmhouse, which is burning. It has a thatched roof. Oh!—Everything is burning; the roof is all in flames. Sparks are flying about. It is really an old Ditmarsh farmhouse."—"No, my girl, you have too much imagination, which is bad for science.—What else do you see?"—"I see—I see—at one side of the farmhouse a plank which is dark; for the burning house is behind it. But I can look deep into the burning hall. Three, four sheaves have fallen from the loft and lie burning on the blazing floor. Oh, how frightful that is! Show me another house which is not burning.—Show me a house, you know, show me a farmyard just where they are who hunt up the calves." He laughed merrily. "You huzzy," said he, "you might well see your three-legged stool in the sky, not? So, high overhead!"—"You should have had the three-legged stool. I do not forget you that day, you . . . and how you looked at me. That you may believe."

He had never yet let anyone share in his observations. Now he marveled and was pleased at her astonishment and joy. And then he showed her the moon. He placed her and held her again by the arm as if she were an awkward child. She was astonished at the masses on it: "What are those? Boiling things, like in our copper kettles? Exactly. What if it hung brightly scoured over our fireplace and tomorrow morning the fire shone up upon it."—"The boiling things are mountains and valleys.—And now you have seen enough and spoken wisely enough. Go inside. You will be cold and then you will dream again and see in the dream I do not know what. Will you be able to sleep?"—"I will try." He wanted again to reach out his hand to her but his high respect for her held him back. He thought he should not grasp her thus, along the way as it were. "Make haste," he said, "to get away."

*(To be continued)*

## ABSTRACTS

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ABSTRACTED BY L. E. EMERSON, PH.D.

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1. Freud's Theory of the Libido Compared with Plato's Teachings concerning Eros. Dr. M. NACHMANSOHN (Zurich).
2. Impulses and their Mutations. Prof. SIGMUND FREUD.

1. *Freud's Theory of the Libido, Etc.*—The results of psychoanalysis compelled Freud to enlarge his concept of the libido. He found himself forced to include in the concept all that love, in the widest sense, meant; and also, in the narrowest sense, all that was meant by sex.

With astonishment he noted the early erotic life of normal children. He saw that pleasure sucking, for instance, had a sexual significance. He saw that nail-biting, sticking the fingers in the nose, in the ear, etc., sometimes led to masturbation, which, from this point of view, was nothing but a prolongation of infantile habits. He also saw that infantile eroticism followed no fixed paths, but may select any portion of the body for expression. He suggested that perhaps the sexual impulse was not simple but complex, composed of elements which were the perversions, when the impulse itself broke down.

Now why did he include love under the concept of libido? Intuitively he felt that love, abstracting from its object, was psychologically the same. Furthermore he noted the fact that a strong social interest, or scientific or artistic activity followed a narrowing of sexual expression. Thus he employed the concept of the libido, which originally had only a sexual significance, to include the concept of love. This led him to perhaps the next important discovery in psychoanalysis, the capability of sublimating the libido. Two factors in psychic life must be distinguished: the erotic and the intellectual. Sublimation, or the changing of the one into the other, is one of the most important teachings of pedagogy and also of Plato.

Eros, according to Plato, belongs to the whole of living nature. He identified it, in a wide sense, with the instinct of propagation. But he

did not limit it to the body only; he also saw it manifested in the spirit. He identified it with the creative faculty in general. All desire to produce, be it in the passion of an animal or the creative desire of an artist, was included, by Plato, in the concept of Eros.

Plato taught the doctrine of sublimation. He distinguished three forms which he spoke of as steps in the development of the soul. As a preliminary step he distinguished between human and animal sensual desire. Then he speaks of a psychic, or soul, eros; of a philosophical eros; and a mystical eros; or love of God. The love of the soul is individual; the love of knowledge is abstract, or universal; the love of God is mystical.

Thus, according to Plato, the love of parent for children or vice versa, or for art, science, or God; all are identical. Only the object changes, not the love. This is eros.

The author finds, therefore, that Freud's enlargement of the concept of libido had its beginning in Plato. Allowing for the 2,000 years difference in the time of writing of the two authors, they come to the same conclusions.

2. *Impulses and their Mutations.*—It is often thought that science should start with clear and definite fundamental concepts. In reality, however, science never does so start. It really starts through observations, descriptions, ordering and grouping, and the tracing of the causal relations. Fundamental concepts are obscure and difficult to understand. Such a fundamental concept is impulse.

Impulse may be subsumed under the concept of stimulus, but one must not make the mistake of thinking the two are coextensive. Not all stimuli are impulses—i. e., a flash of light on the eye is not an impulse. We can distinguish impulse from stimuli in several ways. An impulse, for instance, originates within the organism, not without; it is a constant force, rather than a periodic, or repeated force. It is recognized as a need and is only adequately met by satisfaction. Further, a stimulus may be escaped by running away; an impulse cannot be escaped in any such manner; we carry our impulses around with us. Through distinguishing between those stimuli which we can escape from and those we cannot avoid by any muscular movements we learn to distinguish between an inner and outer world.

In order to work with psychological phenomena we need many complicated presuppositions. The most important of these presuppositions is that the nervous system is an apparatus enabling us to reduce a stimulus to a lower level, or, if possible, to hold ourselves as if we had not been stimulated. In plain English the principal function of the nervous system is to inhibit reflex action; in other words, the subjugation of stimuli. We now see how the entrance of impulses complicates the simple physiological reflex schema. Thus it appears as if the



impulse were a sort of limit-concept, serving as the psychical representation of a stimulus arising in the body and as a measure of the work imposed on the mind in consequence of its relation to the body.

The terms "pressure," "limit," "object" and "source," which are necessary in any discussion of the concept of impulse, are defined as follows: "pressure" is the force or the ability to do work of an impulse; "limit" is the satisfaction which takes place only when the exciting condition at the source of the impulse is suppressed; the "object" of the impulse is that through which it reaches its limit. (It is the most variable aspect of an impulse; not connected with it originally; it is not necessarily a foreign body but may be part of the same body; it may change in the course of the life of the impulse; and the same object may satisfy simultaneously many impulses); the "source" of the impulse is that somatic process in an organ, or part of the body, the stimulation of which is represented in the mind as an impulse. It is unknown whether this process is of a chemical nature or associated with other processes, say, such as mechanical.

Freud distinguishes two fundamental impulses or instincts, the ego or self-preservative and the sexual impulses. Biology teaches that the sexual function is not identical with other individual functions. It teaches, further, two conceptions as to the relation between the ego and sexuality, either of which may be right; one is that the sexuality is secondary to the individual, the satisfaction of which is one of his perquisites; the other is the individual, is secondary and is only entrusted with the germ plasm for the purpose of generation and the preservation of the species.

Speaking generally some of the characteristics of the sexual instinct are as follows: It is made up of numerous more elementary impulses arising in different parts of the body the immediate aim of which is the satisfaction of particular organs. Later these partial tendencies become more or less synthetized, and only then have the unity of purpose known as the instinct for the propagation of the species. From the first they are dependent on the self-preservative impulse, following the way pointed out to them by the egoistic impulses for finding their object. A part of them remain for life associated with the ego, carrying with them their libidinous components, which are overlooked during normal functioning and only noticed clearly in illness. They are well adapted for functioning vicariously for one another and can only change their objects. This is what makes sublimation possible.

Freud limits the rest of his paper to a discussion of the better known sexual instinct, reserving the discussion of the ego or self-preservative instinct till more knowledge has been gained through psychoanalysis.

Observation teaches, he says, the following transformations of the instinct: "The reversal into the opposite." "The turning back on the same person." "Repression and sublimation."

Reversal he analyzes into two parts: Activity and passivity on the one hand and love and hate on the other. For the first transformation he instances sadism and masochism, and looking and exhibitionism, as the transformations of active into passive instincts. The case of love and hate he thinks is not so clear, though one cannot doubt of their intimate relation to the sexuality. Love is not so hard to understand, perhaps; it is the synthesis of sexual purpose; but how can hate have any biological significance?

Love has three pairs of contraries: (1) Love and hate; (2) love and beloved; (3) love and indifference. The psychic life, in general, is ruled by three "polarities" of opposites: (1) Subject—object; (2) pleasant—unpleasant; (3) active—passive. Love arises through the possibility of the ego satisfying a part of its instinct autoerotically by the gaining of satisfaction through an organ. It is originally narcissistic. Hate is a relation to an object older than love, associated originally with the repulsion of an unpleasant object of the external world. Thus love may be defined as the relation of the ego to its external source of pleasure.

If an object gives us pleasure we feel a tendency to go towards it and say we "love" it; if it gives us displeasure, on the contrary, we feel a tendency to flee and say we "hate" it.

Finally, we may name the three polarities as follows: Activity—passivity as biological; subject—object as reality; pleasure—displeasure as economical.

If the abstractor may venture a word of criticism of the above analysis he will say that it lacks in not giving sufficient emphasis to the fundamental social character of all psychic processes and in making the dichotomy between subject and object absolute instead of relative, and thus failing, as Leibnitz failed, in trying to describe reality in his *Monadology*.

#### Miscellaneous Abstracts.

##### *A Study of Symbolism Occurring in a Patient's Dreams.*<sup>1</sup>—By JAMES J. PUTNAM.

The patient was described as a lady of fine character and excellent education, whose life had been a restricted one on account of considerable ill health from childhood and who had been subjected to a rather rigid "religious" education from her earliest years. The following points were the ones mainly dwelt upon:

<sup>1</sup> Abstract of a paper read at the meeting of the American Psychoanalytic Association, Boston, May 23, 1917, on symbolisms and other evidences of unconscious thinking presenting themselves in the case of a patient whose clinical history has been partly described elsewhere.

*Influence of Emotional Impressions on the Handwriting.*—During a visit to the country when a very small child, she saw pigs at close range for the first time and under conditions which called her own anal complex peculiarly into evidence. The residual effect was an over-emphasis of her memory of the pigs' tails. This memory was preserved in the form of a modification of her handwriting, noticed by her school-teachers, and by a strong fascination which pitchers and other vessels of domestic use had for her, in so far as they represented the curves of the pigs' bodies by their shapes and the pigs' tails by their handles.

*Recurrent "Pursuit" Dreams.*—While still very young she began to have a recurrent "pursuit" dream, in which she was driven from room to room by an ogre, from whom she escaped in either of two ways: (a) by flying up through the roof, which opened to let her pass; or (b) by falling in a passive heap on the ground.

The tendencies corresponding to these two modes of escape are in general terms clear enough. In a more complex form this dream has reappeared even in recent years. But the ogre was then represented by a breeze or wind, which began *in her* but soon appeared to be outside of her, and then took on a personal form which was evidently that of her father on horseback. Here also the patient soared up into the tree-tops and thence enjoyed the sight of her pursuer. Special interest attaches to the idea of this pursuer being closely related to an influence within herself.

*Significance of Wind; Partly Physiological, Partly Spiritual.*—(a) Reference to early Bible studies, which made wind equivalent to spirit, and thus suggestive of God and so of her own father. Many ideas of creativeness, even in a narrow sense, were based on this conception.

(b) Breath or air coming *from herself* with a similar outcome, with special reference to a highly emotional episode which covered several years of her life which embraced a fantasy in which *through her breath* she seemed to make herself the mother of her lover's child.

*Hermaphroditic, or Bi-sexual Ideas Represented by Symbolisms of Striking Character.*—Umbrella, knife, etc.; representations of the transformation of herself into a young man dressed in khaki; dream of man assumed to have given birth to a child, etc.

*Frequent Occurrence of the Number 3 (or idea of Triplication), or One of its Multiples—6, 9, 12.*—This use of the number 3 evidently was sexual in origin, and it is especially interesting as having also, like the symbols just mentioned, a bi-sexual significance. This part of the subject cannot be dealt with in brief form.

AUTHOR'S ABSTRACT.

*The Etiological Relation of the Notion that Sexuality is Indecent, to Psychic Impotence, Dirnenliebe, and a Certain Type of Male Homosexuality.*<sup>2</sup>—H. W. FRINK.

Psychic impotence, whether in the form of an inability to perform coitus, or of an inability to enjoy it normally, is, as Freud has pointed out, a psychoneurotic disturbance due to the development of an inner inhibition in the course of the ontogenetic evolution of the sex impulse in the individual. This inhibition is absent with some types of sexual object, while present with others, and there consequently develop certain anomalies of object-choice the underlying purpose of which is to evade this inhibition. One has been described by Freud under the term *Dirnenliebe*, the passion for prostitutes; another, in the opinion of the writer, is represented by certain homosexuals who are masculine in every sense save that the sexual object is not a female. Thus all three of the conditions mentioned appear to have an underlying identity.

The essential psychological factors consist in the development of an asexual image of the mother (in consequence of the idea implanted by educational influences to the effect that sexuality is essentially vile or indecent) and a fixation of a large portion of the libido upon this asexual image. The libido is in consequence split into two qualitatively different streams, of which the one is "affectionate," the other "sensual." In the normal love-life these streams both flow to the loved person; in these abnormal cases they remain separate and each requires a different type of love-object. Those qualities in the woman which recall the mother, purity, virtue, cultural attainment, etc., excite affection or admiration only, while passion can be experienced in its full measure only with those women who are not considered virtuous, and for whom admiration, affection and respect are lacking. Thus results *Dirnenliebe*. Psychic impotence, total or occasional, occurs when an even smaller portion of the sensual stream escapes repression and is left free to be applied to persons outside the family. Homosexuality, of the type described, represents a further extension of the mechanisms which leads to *Dirnenliebe*. Whereas the sufferer from *Dirnenliebe* puts all good women in the class with the mother and can love them only as he loved her, while the sensual libido is left free for expression only with women of the prostitute type, the homosexual of the type mentioned puts all women in the class with the mother and has no avenue left open for expression of the sensual libido save that represented by the male.

The paper was illustrated by extracts from the analyses of a case of each of the three conditions, showing how the excessive affectionate fixation on the mother, combined with too vigorous repressive influ-

<sup>2</sup> Read at the annual meeting of the American Psychoanalytic Association, Boston, May 23, 1917.

ences firmly implanting upon everything sexual the stigma of vileness and indecency, had led the individual to the endeavor to keep his sexuality away from loved or respected women and tended to divert it into channels of anomalous object-choice.

AUTHOR'S ABSTRACT.

*The Future of Psychoanalysis.*<sup>3</sup>—By ISADOR H. CORIAT.

As a therapeutic procedure, psychoanalysis is not only new, but epoch-making, in the help it furnishes to nervous sufferers. The future of psychoanalysis is very broad and hopeful, in both its medical and cultural aspects. Physicians are beginning to recognize the efficacy of the psychoanalytic method, as being immeasurably superior to the older methods of suggestion and to the pernicious rest cure. The medical profession is learning that the technique of psychoanalysis can only be mastered through experience and through a knowledge of the fundamental principles of psychoanalysis. The technical methods of psychoanalysis are undergoing modifications by the various workers in the field and more stress is laid upon the handling of the resistances and transferences rather than on the digging out of repressed material. A great deal of the future of psychoanalysis depends upon the improvement in its technique and upon the publication of the statistical results of the method, such as has been already done by the author of this paper. The spontaneous sublimation of the patient should be encouraged. Religion is one of the most effective and satisfactory routes for the sublimating process. The popularizing of psychoanalysis, if done by those who are familiar with the science, is of value for the spread of its principles among the intelligent public. Psychoanalytic principles should be used for the prevention of nervous and mental disorders and are of great value for clergymen and social workers.

<sup>3</sup> Read at the seventh annual meeting of the American Psychoanalytic Association, May 23, 1917.



## VARIA

*Abstract of Proposed Plan for the Psychic Rehabilitation of Psychopathic and Neuropsychopathic Soldiers. Thesis.*—The government has assumed the responsibility for the rehabilitation of wounded soldiers in a most commendable manner, well recognizing the economic and social value of such training. Patients who broke down mentally during the war are being discharged from our institutions as soon as they adjust enough to be called "social recoveries." But it is an error to assume that these men are well. Most of them suffer from dementia præcox, and developed this form of psychosis because they were unable to adjust to the conditions of army life. Recovery is always with defect, usually by forgetting the whole experience and denying the reality of their symptoms. Such a recovery leaves the patient a mental shipwreck, a bankrupt, and likely to again become a victim in time of stress. In fact patients discharged only a few months ago as recovered are again being admitted to our institutions. If the government assumes the responsibility of rehabilitating a soldier who has lost a leg, how much more should it assume the responsibility for the rehabilitation of a man who has lost his mind, where rehabilitation is needed in its greatest degree? These cases can be rehabilitated and the government should take immediate steps to discharge its responsibility.

These men are leaving our institutions with the knowledge that they failed to take the part of a man. The term "shell-shock," while acting as a balm for the feelings of the relatives and friends, does not delude the patient himself. His sense of inferiority is often profound or he believes himself a confirmed sexual pervert for which there is no cure; he recognizes his inefficiency and fears that he will break down again. This state of mind consigns him to a life of fear and unhappiness with all its pitiful over-compensations, with a constant downward trend in effort, morals, and ambition. The stigma of having been in an insane asylum or psychopathic ward will be a lasting one, and is a terrible handicap in the social struggle. Thus many thousands of men who offered their lives for their country are left stranded and helpless. A proper course of rehabilitation would not only remove this stigma but turn his experience into capital by assisting him to discover his conflicts and his weaknesses, and so fitting him to meet the exigencies of life on a higher mental level. It is hoped that this condition will be recognized and steps taken to correct it before it is too late.

Again many soldiers, who, having served in our armies, will break down because they will be unable to adjust to civil life. After the Civil

War many thousands of men drifted to lower levels from which they never emerged. Numbers of persons who come in contact with our discharged soldiers recognize that many of them are in desperate condition. It is safe to assume that many of these will eventually become public charges unless something is done for them at once.

Most of these cases return to their families. Relatives are urging the return to home surroundings, believing that they will recover more quickly. But the joy of having the loved ones home, and alive, even if mentally ill, will soon wear off and be followed by a just demand for relief and scientific treatment. The blame for the mental condition of these mental derelicts will fall on the military service, and the discontent which is certain to follow should be forestalled.

*Method.*—A number of methods suggest themselves. Perhaps the most comprehensive and successful is the one which attacks the problem on the largest scale despite the fact that it presents the greatest difficulties. At Saint Elizabeth Hospital the writer is preparing a group of about thirty women war-workers who have volunteered their services in reading character-forming works, autobiographies, essays, etc., to groups of recovered patients. But while this method is a start and will accomplish something, it is felt that the problem merits a much wider activity. The method suggested is as follows:

1. That the state universities be asked to assist, in accepting on their faculties a trained man as professor of psychic rehabilitation. The work of each professor shall be to conduct classes or supervise same under assistants, to hold personal conferences with patients, and to conduct the organization and field work under the direction of a general board.

2. The government to assume the financial burden of sending these patients to the university of the state in which the patient lives, or to a university for a group of neighboring states, paying the board and room rent, and allowing him sufficient funds for clothing, etc., over and above his compensation. Term of instruction one academic year, subject to extension. It is understood that by universities is meant normal schools, especially agricultural colleges, or other institutions fitted for the purpose.

3. Attendance to be voluntary. Canvass made urging relatives to see that patients avail themselves of these benefits. Cases to be grouped after mental tests as to mental age, literacy, adaptability, life work, etc.

4. Rehabilitation to consist of readings from character-building works, autobiographies, essays, etc., in conjunction with gymnastics, tennis and such occupational or vocational work as fits the group or individual. The results of the psychoanalytic study of these cases is to be stressed and the nature of the sexual conflicts explained.

*Training of Instructors.*—The greatest misunderstanding exists in the minds even of psychiatrists of the exact nature of dementia præcox. After devoting a year to the intensive study of this condition working with the patients themselves, the writer is convinced that to be of any service especially trained men only should be employed. Such men do not necessarily need to be physicians, but should preferably be physicians and psychiatrists. Many valuable men who are not physicians but are trained in psychic rehabilitation could be interested in this work. One of the prime requisites is that they should be free from prejudice in dealing in psychoanalytic material and in handling sexual conflicts. These men should be gathered together for a course of instruction in psychiatry, especially dementia præcox, the rudiments of mental analysis, methods of mental rehabilitation and the recent results of the psychoanalytic study of these cases, and the mechanisms of character formation. They should be equipped to perform the psychic tests and know the value and methods of vocational and occupational therapy.

*Advantages of Method.*—The advantages of this method are too numerous to be taken up in detail. It should arouse the coöperation of: (1) The Bureau of Education, because there would be accumulated a vast fund of information on educational matters from a new point of view. Each professor would be approached by many parents to assist in discovering the mental trends that keep so many children from school and the pursuit of their studies. (2) Business men, either for themselves or their employees, would seek assistance in solving problems of efficiency and mental health. (3) The Bureau of Public Health would be greatly interested because out of such work would eventually develop mental hygiene clinics where persons on the border-line of mental illness could find relief. (4) State governments would be interested in seeking advice in regard to problems in penitentiaries, reform schools and asylums. (5) Scientific men would be greatly interested because of the great opportunities to develop methods for the prevention of mental illnesses and in the change of our asylums from mere places of retreat where a patient can be put away into real hospitals for mental diseases with all the mental rehabilitation methods that the words treatment and cure involve.

EDWARD WM. LAZELL.

SAINT ELIZABETH'S HOSPITAL,  
WASHINGTON, June 15, 1919.

**NOTICE.**—All business communications should be addressed to The Psychoanalytic Review, 3617 Tenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

All manuscripts should be sent to Dr. William A. White, Saint Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C.

## BOOK REVIEWS

DELUSION AND DREAM. By Dr. Sigmund Freud. Translated by Helen M. Downey. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York, 1917. Pp. 243. Price \$2.00.

This is a translation of Professor Freud's analysis of Wilhelm Jensen's novel "Gradiva." Prefacing the translation of the analysis there is a translation of the novel itself, which makes the work complete in every way.

The novel "Gradiva" is itself well worth reading, aside from its analysis, just for the joy it gives. It is really a wonderful piece of phantasy wonderfully told, and might well be taken as a model by psychoanalysts of literary aspirations of what a psychoanalytic novel should be.

The analysis of the novel hardly needs comment. Professor Freud's authorship of it guarantees its excellence. It is most incisive, interesting and logically compelling, as are all of his wonderful writings. Strewn through the analysis are invaluable comments, more particularly upon the relation between delusions and dreams and upon the mechanism of recovery from delusions.

The work as a whole is absorbingly interesting from beginning to end and the wise judgment of the translator, which has put novel and analysis between the same covers, makes it to my mind one of the best, if not the best, introductions to psychoanalysis which the uninitiated could be given. The relationship between the elements in the phantasy and the actual events in the hero's life are so clearly portrayed that hardly anyone can fail to see them, and at the same time there is an absence of those elements which repel many from psychoanalysis before they have had an opportunity to learn enough about it to understand it.

The translation is exceptionally well done. The psychoanalytic movement is indebted to Miss Downey for her excellent work.

WHITE.

DREAM PSYCHOLOGY. By Maurice Nicoll. London, Oxford University Press, 1917. Pp. ix + 194.

This little book of dream psychology is written in a simple, popular way which makes it readable and understandable by almost any one, without technical preparation or without special information regarding the psychoanalytic psychology. The style is very clear and the various matters discussed are put in a way which should be of considerable help in spreading a sympathetic attitude towards psychoanalysis.

The author is evidently a strong adherent of the Zurich school rather than of the more strictly Freudian, and discusses psychoanalysis and the

dream more particularly from this point of view. He especially utilizes the method of what he calls constructive interpretation both of symptoms and of dreams rather than of the more purely reductive analysis of Freud. In other words, instead of simply trying to split things up into the material of which they are made, he believes that the dream should be considered from a teleological point of view and when so considered has a distinct prophetic and advisory function. The dream serves as a corrective from the distorting influence of complexes and so offers suggestions as to the solution of the individuals difficulties, more particularly in the direction in which his interests may advantageously take.

The neurosis, according to the author's idea, which he takes from Jung, have more to do with the present moment than is conceded by the strict Freudians. He thinks that one has to look at reality as it affected the patient at the moment of the development of the neurosis and in that way one sees what it is in reality that the patient is endeavoring to avoid, what aspect of reality he is running away from.

Finally the author, using the word interest in place of such terms as libido, conceives it from the Aristotelian point of view, later emphasized by Driesch, as an entelechy.

WHITE.

**DYNAMIC PSYCHOLOGY.** By Robert Sessions Woodworth, Ph.D. New York, Columbia University Press, 1918. Pp. 206. Price, \$1.50 net.

An interesting little book that discusses the history and development of psychology on the way to dynamic concepts by an author who is eminently competent to speak.

The chapter on abnormal behavior is, like all chapters on this subject by psychologists, disappointing. The writer realizes the importance and desirability of the psychologists and the practical psychiatrists getting together, but the prospect seems rather hopeless. The author's discussion gives the impression of all such discussions of abnormal behavior which get their facts from the printed book rather than the book of nature,—the patient.

It is interesting to note the suggestion of a social consciousness as different from the consciousnesses of the individual units that compose society and dependent upon the relations which these units bear to each other.

Particularly interesting are the comments on punishment and on imitation. With respect to the latter, the author has very little faith in imitation as a real factor of importance in learning.

The multiplication in the discussion of trends, or as the author calls them, drives, of all sorts of motives, the fear, pugnacity, economic, self-assertive, submissive motives, etc., is disappointing to the psychoanalyst and seems merely giving a name to each variety of behavior.



The author, while he undertakes to criticize the psychoanalytic psychology and has done so elsewhere in a very fair-minded spirit, appears to fail to grasp the significance of the effort to reduce all these various tendencies to two fundamental ones, and his criticism of the inadequacy of these two fundamental tendencies is based entirely upon superficial and evidently conscious material.

WHITE.

REFLECTIONS ON WAR AND DEATH. By Sigmund Freud. Translated by A. A. Brill and Alfred B. Kuttner. New York, Moffat, Yard & Company, 1918. Pp. 72. Price, .75.

Another work from the pen of the master of psychoanalysis. Perhaps hardly sufficiently ponderous either in size or style to be considered other than as a sort of chat with the author on some of the problems presented by the war. To the psychoanalyst most of what Professor Freud says has been at least vaguely in his consciousness with reference to the great world conflict and he has felt in consequent the naivety, not to say fatuousness of a great amount of the opinions which are expressed to account for this great catastrophe. By that same token one leaves this little work with perhaps a sense of disappointment that the great master could not have given us a solution which seemed to be more satisfying at least in its augury for the future.

The little book consists of two essays; the first, the Disappointments of War, emphasizes the over-valuation which we attach to our social ideals and the lack of insight which we have into our fundamental instincts and their nearness to the surface. We have felt so frequently bitterly disappointed that mankind could enter upon such a horror. The author brings us back to the first principles which we have all realized time without number in the consultation room, that the primitive man lives within us and unfortunately he is ever near in all our activities, only awaiting for the favorable movement to assume the upper hand.

The second essay discusses Our Attitude Towards Death and emphasizes a fundamental feature of the unconscious, nearly its belief in its own immortality. Mankind rushes into this conflict again with the same certainty that he will come out unharmed as did his primitive ancestors.

The thoughts that are included in this little book might well be read by every propagandist who has some cure-all for the evils of civilization. They make one pause in somber contemplation of the great forces which move us and over which we seem to have so little control.

WHITE.

CRIMINOLOGY. By Maurice Parmalee. New York, The Macmillan Company, 1918. Pp. xiii + 522. Price, \$2.00.

This is one of the most ambitious works of recent days upon the subject of criminology. As one begins to read it he is at once introduced

into the usual discussions which one finds in works dealing with the same subject, such as the relation of crime to physical environment, the economic factors that are involved, the influence of civilization, the organic basis of criminality, the mental characteristics of criminals, etc., and in many of these chapters the psychiatrist is inclined to feel some impatience with the author, who is still sticking to classifications and descriptions which have long since become static and largely meaningless. As one progresses, however, in the reading sympathy with the author and his effort distinctly increases. One realizes that the book is really a monumental undertaking and that its five hundred closely written pages contain an enormous amount of information about all aspects of the subject, which are commented upon in an interesting and stimulating way by the author, whose wide reading and broad grasp of the material has rendered it possible for him to present it in a useful way. This sympathy decidedly increases when the author begins to discuss the more specifically sociological and legal aspects of his problem. Here he is much more at home than in the more distinctly scientific matters, and one gets the feeling that he is much more dynamic in his attitude towards the subjects treated with reference to these matters about which he is more conversant. His sympathies are strongly with the scientific attack upon the problem and his discussion, for example, of what he conceives would be the advantages of a public defender revolves almost wholly about the indirect advantages which would bring to bear slowly but surely a more scientific attitude towards the problem of the criminal. Even so, however, one looks in vain for any real broad concept of what crime really is, what the word really means, for a comprehensive understanding of the phenomena grouped under this designation, and in the same way one looks in vain for a broadly comprehensive attitude of what is comprised under the term criminal. While the author is right on the verge of dealing with these matters in a broadly comprehensive and dynamic way, he is still gripped by the old way of considering that as crime and criminals are concrete terms, that they correspond to equally concrete entities, that because the words exist, some things must also exist that correspond to them accurately and concretely. While the author fails from these points of view, it is of course because he sticks to the old descriptive methods. Criminology, like psychiatry, if it is to be vitalized into a new birth must learn the meaning of the unconscious. Crime has been dealt with long enough on the basis of statutory definitions. If we are to deal now with the criminal as individual, there must be a very radical "transvaluation of values," and the unconscious must come to play its part in psychoanalytic interpretations as it is beginning to in psychiatry. In all fairness to the author, it must be said that he, too, speaks definitely for a consideration of the individual, but as yet he has not grasped what that means in its fullness.

WHITE.